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THE  
BLACK WATCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.  
SCOTS SONG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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THE  
BLACK WATCH.

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CHAPTER I.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,  
And thrice his lips refused to taste ;  
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye.  
BYRON.

WE have now to turn back a short space, shifting our scene to that part of the Lowlands of Scotland that lies between Edinburgh and the border, but a little to the westward of the main road, by which Scotchmen are wont to find their way to the genial south. -

Here, at a late part of the summer's evening,  
VOL. III. B

namely, past the hour of ten, we find two solitary equestrian travellers—whose stout ponies of the sheltie breed showed pretty plainly the quarters they had come from seeking their way through a remarkably dreary and solitary part of the country. One of the men, wearing the mug-shaped bonnet and short tartan coat of a Highlander of the peasant order, seemed to make no secret of being exceedingly tired and “dijasked” with his journey, as might be gathered from the ill-humour and opposition that subsisted between himself and the stubborn beast that carried him. The other, though a youth, and wearing the garb of a gentleman, seemed as little, at the moment, on good terms with himself; though he gave his feelings no particular expression, unless they might be gathered from the look that he wore, or the anxious glance that he occasionally threw over the wild common around him.

“Deevil burst you! either keep up or lie down at ance,” said the Highlander, angrily; banning his wearied beast, as it stumbled frequently on the stony road, to the great annoy-

ance of one unaccustomed to the gentility of the saddle, and now sadly galled by the nether garments with which his master had obliged him to invest himself. "I wish the de'il had broken your back, when I cast a hale and wholesome leg o'er you this morning," he grumbled; "and now I dinna ken what hip to sit upon, wi' your stoitering and staumering, confound you! I wish your honour," he added, turning to his master, "would just let her rin upon her nain feet, for she'll rather carry the pony than let the beast carry her a foot farther."

"I'm afraid you'll not find that much of an improvement on a road like this," said Hector Monro, for it was he and his mountaineer gilly that were out upon this adventure. "It was, I tell you, Donald, to hasten our arrival in London, before the court-martial on the M'Phersons, as well as to avoid the dangers of Whig suspicion, that made me take to the saddle, or try upon you so hazardous an experiment. And, though anxiety to take the nearest and the safest road may have caused us to stray a few miles somewhere unknown to me, the

night is brief in this summer weather, and morning light will soon bring the sight of the king's toll-road."

"If she maun ride striding here o'er this stoitering brute," replied the helot, with Highland sulkiness—at the same time making his wrath known to the unfortunate animal, by a blow which made its ribs ring—"odd, it'll be a lang day that'll bring her to the brig o' Berwick."

"I wish to God we could meet with change-house or hostelrie," responded Hector; "I myself feel that we cannot get on much farther."

"Her honour's clory may joost as weel seek for a feather-bed on the tap o' Ben-Morlie, as for hallan or sheiling in this lonely spot. But what's to hinder us to take a lodging just here ayont the whins? The sod is saft, and the night is lown, and the laverocks o' the lift will waken us wi' a pleasant ditty i' the morning."

"And where would our beasts be, when we opened our eyes, Donald?" said Hector. "The thieves are not so scarce, nor horse-flesh so valueless, in the Lowlands. Alight, however, from your beast, and lay your ear to the sod.

If you do not hear a dog bark, you may catch the sound of a horse's tramp ; for the fair of Kilbogie should yet be sending home the last of its drinkers, and some of them may still come this way."

"That she'll do, an' deevilish glad to get her fit on the ground. Hoigh, master, I hear her noo!" cried Donald, starting from embracing the sod. "Trot, trot, trot—some beast and some body—and she's no far aff. Deevil! what if the man should be a whigamore robber to take her pickle siller i' the dark, and murder her honour and her nainsel on the moor?"

"And what would you and I be doing all this time, Donald?"

"She wad feght, to be surely. But what could she do wi' neither biodag nor skein-du to fit her hand ; and naught to defend her head but the knotty rung that she has to lay on the sheltie? Forbye, her ain hurdies are sae sair wi' the riding, and her puir houghs sae wauked, that she can hardly stand her lane—de'il cure her!"

"Night travellers must take the chances of

the night," said Hector, "but haste and mount, for here comes some one, and whoever he is, fall behind, but yet keep close. And I command you, Donald, not to put in a word, for your tongue will betray the country you come from; and a Highlander on horseback, riding through such a part of the Lowlands, might well create suspicion in times less ticklish than these."

"Oogh, for that matter, if she'll no be allowed to speak, she can joost be as dumb and as dour as the sheltie," said the gilly rebelliously; but the stranger, now drawing near, put an end to farther parley.

"A pleasant simmer night, sirs," said the man in a strong Norland accent, "but rather a crunkley road for a beast's feet, and no vera towardsome for strangers as ye are belike;" and staring in Hector's face as he spoke, he emitted a flavour, which told that he had been none of the first risers from the socialities of the fair.

"Your judgment is somewhat ready for so short an acquaintance, friend," said Hector,

not liking this sudden freedom ; “ but, as the opinion happens to be just, can you inform us how far we may be from village or hostel, where entertainment for man and beast can be had for money ? ”

“ Your faces are now turn’d to the southerly airt,” said the stranger ; “ seek ye these comforts in that direction ? ”

“ I confess I should prefer them there,” said Hector, “ as the north wind is the coldest even in summer.”

“ Then you have yet the better half of a sabbath-day’s journey to go, although it’s night,” said the man ; “ besides, the miles hereabout are honest measure for the length, and you have ten or twelve of them to ride before you sleep.”

“ Sleep ! deevil a sleep she’ll ever get this night ! and deevil a rise she’ll ever stir in the morning, if she loses an inch mair hinder-end leather, or rides the stang a mile farther,” cried Donald, thumping his sheltie forward, as in his grumbling alarm he broke the taboo which had been put upon his tongue. “ Och, may-

be the carle, if he has a hoose hereaway, wi' joost gie her honour a bit shake down on his ain floor head, and puir Donald a pickle strae in beside the dog ; and if ever she lays her leg o'er a stoitering sheltie again, may the muckle de'il flay the skin aff her hurdies wi' a rusty card."

" You seem to be from the hills, friends?" said the stranger with an inquisitive look at Hector, on hearing the speech of the Highlandman.

" From that quarter last, certainly," was Hector's reluctant answer, as he threw an angry glance back towards his gilly.

" Hoogh! but *far* to the nor-rit," said Donald, striving to undo his error by a seasonable lie ; " joost frae Inverness, or aboon that. There's nae Jacobite Jamies' men in the country *we* come frae."

" Inverness!" repeated the man to himself, as if he had suddenly grown sober. And now they heard the sound of a second rider, as if coming at a brisk trot behind them, while a peculiarly shaped house appeared in the hollow on their right front, which the stranger pointed

out as his; while the belted plantations and policies of a gentleman's demesnes could also be seen through the summer darkness, on the rising grounds to their right.

"As I and my servant are benighted and strayed travellers, friend," said Hector, "if you will give us a resting-place for a few hours within your dwelling, I shall owe you thanks and offer you payment."

"I suppose I must," said the stranger thoughtfully, and yet as if with reluctance, "if you can put up with such fare as I can offer you."

A few moments, proceeding on in mutual silence, now brought up the second stranger.

"Rather late at the fair, I think, Saunders," he said, as he seemed about to pass them; "faith, a merry party of you, for a road like this. . What companions have you picked up taking the road to the moors, Saunders?"

"A stranger traveller and his servant, from the Highlands, your honour," said the first man, touching his bonnet to the intruder, whose English cocked hat, laced coat, and silk bag, as

Hector could see them, seemed to entitle him to this respect.

“ From the Highlands !” repeated the gentleman, in a voice which at once struck Hector as being by no means new to him. “ Faith, there’s knotty doings devising in the north, if all tales be true, he added ; “ and it will be worse ere long, if the folk in London shoot the jacobite mutineers of the Black Watch. Heard you aught anent them, sir stranger ?”

“ I have not been in the way of news from the Londoners,” said Hector ; “ but if I had, I should not take *their* word for any of the Black Watch being either jacobites or mutineers, if they were well treated.”

“ Then, perhaps, you want your own word to be taken on the subject, young man,” said the stranger, with dashing hauteur ; and, turning his horse’s head in front of the first stranger, who gave way, he, with the impudence of conscious aristocracy, gave a broad stare into Hector’s face. “ But I beg your pardon,” he continued sarcastically, without pretending to know our hero ; “ I have no doubt that you are in

possession of very superior information on the subject."

"This sudden sight of the honourable Mr. Crombie of Libberton, for such it was, in a place where he had so little expected him, for a moment disconcerted Hector's thoughts; but recovering himself, he replied, with corresponding pride, that, upon the subjects alluded to, he could of course speak but little from any personal knowledge that he had opportunity of obtaining.

"You journey towards the south, I presume?" said Crombie, carelessly.

"For some short way I travel in that direction," answered Hector, "since you seem to have a curiosity concerning my proceedings."

"Curiosity is not the word to apply to me, sir, about persons of your condition," said Crombie, almost with fierceness; "but the sauciness and spirit of your reply to my civil question, shows me that there is something in your purpose in this quarter, that you are not particularly desirous to divulge."

The import of this speech caused Hector to

pause a moment, before he should commit himself by an answer such as his feelings were ready to dictate; when he found himself at the head of the lane that led to the house on their right. "Saunders," cried Crombie, authoritatively, to the elder stranger; he then took him aside, and an animated and hasty whisper passed between them. When he had said a few words, putting spurs to his horse, the honourable *ci-devant* antagonist of Hector was soon out of sight; while, with sundry misgivings which he was in no haste to discover to his new friend, our youth followed the latter to the house before them.

'There was something in the appearance of the building into which they were about to enter, seen as it was by the twilight darkness of the season, that to the awakened suspicions of Hector was by no means prepossessing. Too large and pretending for a sober Scotch farmhouse, it had the character of the lodge of some dependent on the owner of the neighbouring demesne, without the diminutive consistency of such a dwelling; and, situated as it was, so

far from a public road, in these times of internal licence and robbery, it seemed by no means likely to be the spot where a man of proper habits, or fair character, would from choice take up his abode. The broken-down gate and small weedy court-yard had a neglected and slovenly appearance, which by no means corresponded either with the decency that appeared within the building, by the dim light of a fire which showed the furniture of one of the apartments, or with the unusual strength and heavy lock of the door, by which they were at length admitted into the interior.

A murmur of ill-humoured incivility passed between their host and a coarse-looking woman who opened the door. "Wha hae ye brought wi' you noo?" she said, as they came forward. "It's an unco time o' night this, to bring folk in upon me frae your drunken fair, and the bairns a' asleep. I kenna what ye mean, Saunders Murchie!"

"Haud your lang tongue, woman," was the civil response of the husband, as he almost pushed Hector into the ample kitchen. "Have-

na I done ill enough in the course o' a wicked life, that ye maun faut me for doing a gudish action when the tide is on me, never speaking o' the payment? Here! steer up the fire, to gie us light, and birsle a bit o' the ham for the gentleman's supper."

A glance at the youthful person of our hero seemed to assist in reconciling the angry dame to the intrusion, and "kittling" the drowsy coal of the fire, she forthwith set about preparing some refreshment.

"It was a drouthy ride o'er the muir," said the man, reaching his hand towards the upper shelf of an old aumrie, or cupboard, that faced the shining pewter trenchers which ornamented the kitchen—"and we'll no be the waur o' a dram. There, friend," he added, filling out a full tass of Scotland's liquor—"drink luck and lang life to Saunders Murchie o' Clayslap. It will just do me gude, to hear the leil benison o' a stranger."

"Luck and long life," said Hector, raising the cup to his lips; but his hand was arrested by the strong fixed stare by which he saw himself regarded by his host.

“Drink, sir stranger! drink, and say the benison!” shouted the man, in a cracked, drunken tone; and, repeating the words to please him, Hector tossed off the liquor.

The man assayed to pledge him with a corresponding cup, when the fire, at the moment, shooting up a clear bright blaze, which fell strongly on his face, his gazing host, setting down his cup, untasted, staggered two paces back, exclaiming half to himself, “Lordsake! young man—whaur came ye frae?”

“What is the matter, friend?” said Hector, astonished at the man’s manner.

“Oo, naething—naething ava, but just a bit dwam came o’er me,” said the host, “when I thought o’ an auld friend that’s dead, wham your face put me in mind o’. But sit ye down i’ the chir behint you, and the gudewife’ll hae the ham ready i’ the lighting o’ a spunk.”

The countenance of the man, whom he now sat opposite to, by no means tended to dispel the uneasiness that began unconsciously to creep over our youth. Evidently above fifty years of age, with strongly marked and nationally cha-

racterized features, the host had that indescribable, yet disagreeable look, which, by no means wanting in intelligence, is too complicated in its expression to give any distinct indication, and yet repels the keen observer by the reading of the mind in its general effect. Red, wrinkled, and weather-beaten, as it was also, there was something in that face whose outline seemed to have some unaccountable familiarity with Hector's thoughts, as if he had either dreamt of it, or it had once mixed with other forgotten images of that period, when infancy sees men but like trees walking, and jumbles vaguely together, the indistinct pictures which the senses but imperfectly embody, in a world as yet untried and unknown. Yet, referring to these reminiscences rather as a deception than a reality, as the two sat at meat, the legitimate suspicion never crossed Hector's thoughts; and when, in the course of their talk, the man rather abruptly requested that he might be favoured with his name, the recollection of the other's whisper with the young laird of Libberton

caused him to answer the question by saying, that he had come into the house of his host to eat and drink, and take his rest, and pay as he ought for his entertainment; but that such interchange of casual good services did not necessarily imply a confidence, which, in times like these, should be used with discretion.

The bushy grey eyebrows of Saunders Murchie drew down so far as completely to shade his small quick eyes, on hearing this speech; while two or three sparring sentences, and some looks less intelligible, were from time to time exchanged between himself and his wife. Seated on a three-legged stool between the table and the door, and tugging effectively at a ragged bone, which the wife had put into his hand, without the troublesome ceremonials of knife or trencher, Donald, like a sagacious messan, sat watching in particular the countenance of his master; by which he could easily perceive that his own line of duty was warlike suspicion, which every observation he could make of his present quarters tended to strengthen.

“Your bed is ready, sir,” said the woman, now interfering with this interrupting hint.

“And where will you put my servant, mistress?” inquired Hector.

“There’s a gude dry loft and plenty o’ warm strae aboon the beasts,” said the beldam — “a perfect luxury for the likes o’ him.”

Donald cocked his ear and turned up the side of his head at this arrangement, but he only took a deeper rive at his bone, and said nothing. At length Hector rose, and the woman lighted him to his apartment.

“A sound sleep and a blithe waaking,” she said, as she opened the door of an inner spence. “Oogh ye ugly Highland brute, what are ye doing there?” she screamed, as, turning round to shut in her guest, the large dark eyes and white teeth of Donald shone strong in the light of the taper, as he grinned over her very shoulder.

“Disna she sleep in her maister’s room, to be surely,” said Donald; “deevil! will she no get leave to be the bawty-dog at the bed’s foot?”

"*You* sleep in my best spence, ye Highland stirk!" exclaimed the scold, "to bring the scaw and the scab into my house—to keep it in brunstane and butter for a month! The hay-laft is o'er gude for you."

"She'll no gang there for fear o' the fleas," said the gilly, gravely; "she'll just lie down at her maister's door-back." And pushing the door open he walked boldly into our hero's room.

One glance at Hector let the latter into the meaning of the whole matter, and, giving the faithful gilly his way, he was soon established in a situation, wherein he said, that "if there was ony hocus-pocus to be acted in this uncanny hoose, there would be twa men to try't on instead o' ane, and that would be a comfortment."

"What's the meaning o' a' your glees and glowers at me, about this young man," said the woman, when she and her husband were left to themselves, on her return to the kitchen. "Odsake man, for a' the drink ye hae drunken

at the fair, ye look as ye would swarf, at some gruesome ghaist o' your ain brain."

"Woman, I have cause," said Murchie, grasping convulsively her lean arm. "As God is my judge, there's the son of Lady Lamont come frae the north, and lying this night under my own roof."

"Weel; if ye've done an ill turn, can ye no stand till't like a man," replied the dame, with a braving air; "when ye put the laddie to the wheelwright, did ye think he was not to grow to man's estate like ither folk? But as lang as ye keep your ain thumb on the story, wha's to be a hair the wiser o't?"

"Ye're wrang, woman!—ye're just wrang!" retorted the host; "if the laddie had kept to his wheels and his feloes, under the evangelical down-hold of Duncan M'Vicar, and the struggling poverty o' a Highland town, there had been nae fears o' me, for wha cares for the abortive discontents o' a puir man; but dinna ye see, he's grown a gentleman, and fit to take his ain part; and now, as he's set to rove

the world, wi' a gilly riding ahint him, I tell you, them that leed to his friends, and brack through his mother's trust, may begin to think o' the hangman's tow."

"Aweel, Saunders," said the woman, regardlessly; "it's little gude the gear has done you, and far less to me; and it's true, although the proverb had ne'er said it, that what was gotten o'er the deevil's back was just spent anoth his belly; so de'il mean you, if ye suffer? for wronging that braw young man. But what for do you turn coward at the tail o' the hunt, and look sae wan and demented? Hech, but ye're a puir scoundrel, Saunders, although ye be my second gudeman."

"Confound you, Janet Strang; but Job's wife was a mincing maiden to you," said the man; "I ken I'll hae little pity frae you; but before I would stand another sifting frae the piteous-looking auld general, and meet the glowers and crooked questions of that English squire, I would tell every thing, word and deed, though it should bring me to the gallows."

“ And leave me and my bairns to beggary, Saunders Murchie? It was well set in my hand for wauring my widowhead on the like o’ you, and a’ for the pickle o’ dirty mammon that did us little gude. Faith! ye’s no send me on the parish, for want o’ pluck to stand in the face o’ your ain misdeeds. If ye’ve bound yourself to the deevil, ye’ll just do anither turn o’ his wark ’till the bairns grow up, and ne’er scunner at it.”

“ What would ye hae me to do, ye tempter o’ Satan,” responded the man, glaring on her. “ If I *maun* do’t I *shall* do’t, for your aggravating tongue;” and, springing on a stool, he reached up his hand, and took down an old sword that had lain for years above the fireplace.

“ What is’t ye mean, Saunders Murchie?” said the woman, rising and catching hold of the arm that was drawing the sword.

“ Whisht, woman! and wink hard wi’ your een, that ye mayna see red blood; and put your fingers in your ears that ye mayna hear the dying man’s groan—for I’ll do a deed afore the

morning that shall either save me or hang me, and ye'll be the wyte o't."

"Lord in heaven! Saunders, what's in your thought," screamed the woman, watching the wild scance of his eye, and holding him back from proceeding to Hector's chamber; "do ye think that I could e'er lie down in a bed beside a murderer? Na, na, gudeman, put your neck in a rape in ony way but that. Och, och!" she added, looking up in his ghastly face, "but ye hae a cruel heart, to think o' harming that bonnie young man, that sleeps as innocent as a baby, between the bleached sheets o' my ain bed."

"Hold your babble, woman; ae ill deed begets another, and I'll do't: I tell you I'll do't!—Unhand me, I say."

"Saunders Murchie, are ye mad!—to rin straight into the hangman's rape. Whisht!—I say—wouldn't it be better to get the lad out o' the way by a bit feasable jacobite accusation. That deevil Libberton's just your man for the plot; the lad's fresh frae the hills, an' the tale

will tell weel thae times. I tell you I winna have red blood spilt upon my white sheets."

"It's o'er late noo for roundabout plots, ye cunning Jezabel ; let me gang, I say ! It would be better to commit honourable murder, and be hang'd in decency, than to lead this wicked life wi' you."

"Whisht ! there's something stirring ; dinna ye hear it?—Lordsake, I think the house is running round, and something aboon the lum-head seems to croak in my ear the fearful word, murder ! Put up that gleaming blade, Saunders, or the deevil will come and take you aff bodily. Whisht !—there it is again !"

"Wha's that?—who are you !" shouted the terrified man, as he looked in horror towards the dark passage.

"It's just me," said the Gaelic tongue of Donald, shooting in his black towsy head towards the light. "Ta landlady forgot a drink o' water for his honour's bedstock ; and she'll no' do weel without it, for ta ham was saut."

With a meaning look the pair loosed hold of

each other, and drawing a long breath, the woman went and helped the gilly to a jug of water.

“ You are long of going to sleep, my friend,” said the host, bending his grey eyebrows on the Highlander.

“ Oogh, aye ! rather waukerife in a strange hoose,” said Donald, “ to be surely.”

“ And intolerably gleg in the ears too, when the house is quiet ?” interrogated Murchie.

“ Oogh, aye ! she can joost hear her ain snore, when she’s dreaming,” said Donald, returning the other’s knowing look ; “ an forbye that, she has whyles a trick o’ walking in her sleep, joost to see that bowls row right,” added the pawky Highlander ; “ and so gude night again, auld fallow.”

All ultimately retired to bed ; but although the night passed over without further interruption, little sleep was had by either master or man in the inner chamber. Rest, however, was needed ; and, at an advanced hour in the morn-

ing, with suspicions and surmises which he could not explain to himself, Hector at length took leave of his host, and set forth to proceed on his way towards London.

## CHAPTER II.

A generous fierceness dwells with innocence,  
 And conscious virtue is allowed some pride.

DRYDEN.

AT the period we are writing of, the paucity of public intelligence, compared with its abundance in our own newspaper times, restricted the knowledge of occurrences like the court-martial held on the Black Watch very much to the friends of the parties involved in the trouble, or at least to that limited circle in the metropolis and elsewhere, who felt interest sufficient in an affair so uncommon to induce them to make inquiries regarding its result.

To this latter circle, the Ruthvens of Kilmendie, originally a Scotch family, but then living within the ancient manor of Tottenham, near London, might be said to belong, although its young heiress, Helen Ruthven, was the only one who took a really sympathetic interest in the matter. With all a woman's partiality for the profession of a soldier, and all her inherited admiration of the sentiments and bearing of the Gaelic mountaineers, she had, ever since the day of the review, followed by constant inquiries the fortunes of the high-spirited deserters with feelings of deep interest; and now, the news just brought to her of their condemnation to death came upon her simple maiden apprehensions with an effect of horror, that was almost too harsh and astounding an experiment upon her sympathies.

"There is some one below wants to see you, madam," said Mary Morrison, Helen's maid—interrupting the reverie that the news had thrown her into. "Na; but there are three of them," continued the girl, "Highland ladies, from Breadalbane, and their faces are

swollen with grief, and they begged and prayed to get a word of you ; for Mrs. M'Pherson, the eldest of them, says, that she knew your lady mother, and is sure you will see her."

" I *will* see her—admit them, Mary," said Helen, " and yet what can I say to the unhappy ladies?"

The door now opened, and the appearance of the three women was most affecting, as they all came forward to meet Helen ; and as the mother of the unfortunate brothers, with a look that pierced the young lady to the heart, without uttering a word, threw herself on her knees before Helen, and, breaking out into a burst of lamentation, begged her, for her late mother's sake, as she lived in high station, and knew the great who had her sons' lives in their hands, to try her own or her father's influence to save the shedding of innocent blood.

In vain Helen urged that her father was an anti-jacobite, so stern in principle, and his mind so warped with the distorted views and the vindictiveness of faction, that he would not interfere on behalf of his nearest friends,

whom he could even suspect of the opposite sentiments,—and that she herself was a mere girl, who could be of no service in an affair so important as an appeal to the lords justices on behalf of these misled men. The three women, drowned in tears, and kneeling at her feet, conjured her to send east and west, and try if nought could be done among all those to whom her station gave her access, for the saving of life and the assuaging of heart-breaking sorrow.

“Alas, ladies!” said Helen, almost in tears herself, “I feel all that you urge, and your grief is distracting to me; but why come to me, a helpless girl, as if I had any power over the hard hearts of men, or as if the stern measures of rulers and politicians could be moved by the words of a simple maiden?”

“And what then is the distraught widow to do?” said the weeping woman, “and the puir heart-broken maidens o’ the hills, who have no friends among the gentry of this great city to speak for them to the high and the powerful, and not so much as an officer o’ the Black Watch itsel to appeal to in this extremity?”

O lady ! if your mother's memory be dear to you, or you can conceive the thoughts of the sad widow, her friend, who is doomed to be made childless, and her house brought to desolation by the law of the stranger. you will cast about among the powerful whom you know, to whom courtly ears will give attention, and see if you cannot find a friend to take our part in this calamity ; for, if life is taken and my brave sons are brought to the dust, more hearts than mine will be broken in Breadalbane."

A thought struck Helen as the poor lady spoke, referring to a friend the idea of whom just crossed her mind ; and intimating to her some hope which she was inclined to make the most of for present consolation, she promised every endeavour with all of whom she had any knowledge in favour of the unhappy men, thus trying to soothe the distracted minds of her visitors, by every argument that occurred to her. They began to dry their tears, and praying for every blessing upon her head, they left Helen for the

present, expecting her to put the plan she had hinted at into instant execution.

“What is this I have had the temerity to promise?” she said to herself, when the unhappy ladies had gone; “surely I was mad! to give these poor women hopes; for what can I, a simple maiden, do, without a single person to aid me, whose hands are not bound, or whose hearts are not hardened into adamant by the petrifying spirit of faction!”—and carrying forward her reflections into considerations that distracted her, she paced up and down her apartment in the utmost agitation.

She was so occupied with her own thoughts that she scarcely noticed an unusual noise, as if of some cavalcade arrival, in the court-yard below, and presently her maid entered with a face prognosticating news of importance.

“O madam!” said the girl, “there’s such a thing has happened as you would not believe. I hardly believe it myself, though I saw the very gentles wi’ my ain een.”

“What has happened, girl?—Speak on.”

“ There’s a jacobite prisoner just brought to the ha’ in charge o’ an ill-looking man that I’ve seen afore, and he’s ta’en up to the closet to be examined by Sir Thomas, your father. Mickle has his honour to do with thae weary Jacobites, and ye’ll no guess wha he is, Miss Helen.”

“ Go on with your tale, Mary, if it’s after all worth telling. I have not leisure to play at guesses with you.”

“ It’s nae other but him, that it’s sae lang since ye hae seen or heard of, the pretty young man ca’ed Maister Monro, that fought sae weel and won the day against young Libberton, at Balloch castle lang sinsyne.”

“ A prisoner !” exclaimed Helen, blushing slightly at the sound of his name.

“ Ay, and there’s gruesome-looking men wi’ him, yet he doesna look a bit daunted, and big he’s grown and weel he looks, puir fallow ;—the jacket that I trimmed for him at Taymouth wouldna keek on him noo.”

“ But why should they bring him before my

father, if there's none but common men with him?"

"Oo; but do ye think any body would be brought afore Sir Thomas about government affairs, if that nasty—— I mean, if young Libberton hadna a hand in the pie? Isna that the way that Mr. Crombie gets about your father; and there he is, snuffing up his nose at that gallant young lad, as if he were to get him a Tyburn gravat, and all because he beat him out-and-out afore you and the other gentles on the greensward at Balloch.—O, but this is a wicked worl'!"

Helen, astonished, thought for a moment. "Go," she said, "to Madam de Vaux; give her my compliments, and say I wish to see her instantly."

"Meanwhile, in a private closet or study below, sat in some state Sir Thomas Ruthven, Baronet; whose strong anti-jacobite principles, extensive correspondence with Scotland, and factious zeal for his party, had made him distinguished and confided in by the government

of the time, as a willing instrument of rigour against all who were suspected of the contrary principles. Acting busily as one of the justices for the county, his happiness in being the means of obtaining the first examination of a delinquent, so important as Hector was represented to be, was somewhat damped, on finding the charge against him supported by such inadequate evidence as young Crombie, who now confronted him, or his rascally minion, Saunders Murchie, who had dogged him the whole way from Scotland, and obtained a warrant for detaining him at various places on the road, were able to produce.

“Then if you are innocent of this charge, young man,” said Sir Thomas, sternly, “perhaps you can name some individual here, or at least in Scotland, who can corroborate your tale or speak to your character.”

“I can name an individual, sir,” said Hector boldly, though startled on account of present circumstances into thinking of one whom he otherwise would not have mentioned. “I, and those whom I have lived long with, are

known to the noble Earl of Breadalbane, whom none here present will suspect of aught like disaffection to the king's cause and government."

A scornful smile, and an incredulous look towards Sir Thomas, were the only comment which young Libberton thought fit to make to this unexpected appeal.

"I don't know whom to trust in your jacobite country, young man," replied the baronet; "but if the nobleman you mention be the same who took the king's money for distribution amongst your needy chieftains of the north—to buy with English gold the peace and loyalty of the Highlands, and who refused to give any account of how or to whom he gave any part of it, if he did not keep the whole to himself—methinks his testimony in your favour would be of little value. However, as this lenient government thinks fit to trust that man, and as he *professes* at least an attachment to the House of Hanover, I suppose I must be content with his certificate. But in the mean time it will be necessary that you remain in sure custody, as his lordship is not at this end of the island, until

advice be sent to the proper quarter, and his lordship's testimony is received concerning you."

While Hector stood petrified at this last suggestion, a servant who, waited behind the others, slipped cautiously out of the room. His increasing anxiety almost choked his utterance, as he was merely able to say—"Sir, I entreat you will not, upon such slight grounds as have been alleged, deprive me of liberty, at a moment when my services may be of the utmost consequence to some individuals at present most peculiarly situated in this metropolis."

"In what part of this metropolis?" interrupted the justice, astonished into suspicion at the prisoner's changed tone. "Where are these friends of yours, that I may send to *them*—where are they, and who are they, I say?"

"Suppose they should be in the Tower, among the Highland deserters of the Black Watch, Sir Thomas," said Crombie, with a triumphant sneer. "I dare say it will not be

found necessary to send so far as Balloch Castle on this affair."

"Ho ho ! is that the case, young fellow ?" said the baronet, observing the blush of indignation that rose on the cheek of the astonished youth ; " then we had better commit you to a safe place in the mean time, and you will have an opportunity of making a good set speech in your own favour on another day."

Hector's heart rose to his throat ; nevertheless he was successfully mastering his feelings for a further reply, when a slight tap at the door announced some one, and a man in livery entering, whispered something in Sir Thomas's ear. All this time Hector knew not the name of the person before whom he stood, and now anxiety and alarm at the consequences of his present circumstances made him sensitive to the merest incident that might in the least degree affect his dangerous situation. He looked towards the door with the anxious feelings of a drowning man who catches at a feather. A female entered—young and lovely—yet with an air as noble as Lucretia. He first doubted the

evidence of his own senses, and then looked again with double intensity—when, straining his eyes to see more clearly the vision that presented itself, he was convinced it was no other than she, who had dwelt in his thoughts until the repetition had become irksome to his spirit; and whom he had begun to think he should never see again. It was she of the banqueting-room, the balcony, and the tent of victory, in the Highlands of Perthshire. It was the now womanly form of Helen Ruthven!

“What now, Helen? another advocacy?” cried Sir Thomas, assuming a sternness, as she came forward, although his countenance, as he looked in her blooming face, was actually softening into an indulgent smile, until it lighted up with the pride and partiality of a father. “What hast thou to say now? And Madam De Vaux too! By Jove! here is an interruption to the business of my court!”

“What I have now to say, father, I will say openly,” said Helen, casting a look at Crombie, which seemed to wither him where he stood. “It is easy to get up accusations in

times like these, and to support them plausibly too, when the greedy ears of faction are eagerly open to any charge which the mean or the cowardly may be disposed to prefer, especially where the means by which the charges may be rebutted may be neither convenient nor effectual. I have been informed that this gentleman, now under accusation, has appealed for his character to the Earl of Breadalbane, who is unfortunately not now in the way to verify his statement. Now I and Madam De Vaux are witnesses that, while we were in Scotland, this young gentleman was an inmate in the earl's castle, and treated in a manner which places him above all suspicion as to what he is accused of, particularly under the circumstances in which he now has been brought before you."

"Is that the case? What say you, madam?" said the baronet, addressing the female companion of the pleader.

Madam De Vaux now came forward, and, with a look of pleased recognition towards Hector, verified the statement.

"That was a long time ago, Sir Thomas,"

said Crombie, retrieving courage, “and many changes have taken place since among the fickle and discontented chiefs of the hills, to one of the most suspicious of whom, moreover, this young person was at that very time attached. I am sorry,” he added, with a slight bow, “to find myself on the opposite side from the ladies on this occasion; but the circumstances I have detailed, together with the fact, that a Highland attendant, whom this person had with him originally, fled when he saw his master likely to be detected, justify the suspicions which a sense of duty, arising out of loyalty and zeal, have induced me to entertain and to carry to this point against the accused.”

The eyes of Helen flashed indignantly upon Crombie as he uttered this speech, and her lip curled in scorn and contempt at the latter sentence of it. “This is an occasion too serious to some here present, sir,” she said, “to notice your speech in the way that I might;—but if Mr. Crombie’s arm had been as strong, or his eye as good, as was this stranger’s, at the broadsword fight at Balloch Castle, when he that now

stands before my father as a prisoner was then the crowned victor, and his present accuser the vanquished, perhaps the honourable gentleman's sense of duty and loyalty would have found some other subject to display his zeal upon."

"I remember the story, which madam there told so amusingly," said the old gentleman, with a dry laugh at Crombie; "and is this the very young man who cut the ribbons from above his ear?"

"The same, sir," said Helen, smiling, "and that was an offence, which, committed against a person of birth, is enough to make any man a jacobite traitor in these times."

"Hush, child," said the baronet, putting on an indulgent frown. "You forget the solemnity of this examination. Upon my honour, Helen," he added, speaking up, "if you are to play Portia in this manner in favour of jacobites and suspected persons, I shall have you put to the bar as a plotter against our protestant king, and may have to make out a mittimus against yourself. What think you, Mr. Crombie?"

The laugh which that honourable gentleman put on, in reply to the baronet's pleasantry, was very much like the forced grin of the gambler upon losing his money; and after a few more words the affair was agreed to be dropped; and Hector, upon giving his address and his parole, was told that for the present he was at liberty.

He lifted his hat to depart, and yet hardly seemed to understand the meaning of the words that had been spoken. He lingered for a moment, and cast his eyes towards the door by which Helen had entered. She was still there, and stood as if she would have addressed him, if with delicacy she could. Their eyes met, and, far from flinching from his gaze of respect and admiration her look, to his apprehension, spoke a volume of sedate and dignified meaning; as if her soul was full of something, which their respective situations forbade them to express. Madam, her companion, pulled her by the arm, and at the same instant the door near which Hector stood was opened by an officious servant, and he was bowed out. In a few seconds more hall and staircase were passed

without his seeing either, and he was only awakened from his confusion of mind by finding his feet creaking on the hard gravel of the carriage-way that led from the outer porch of the mansion.

## CHAPTER III.

Earthly power doth then shew likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

“AM I indeed awake?” said Hector to himself, as he paced slowly through the little lawn in front of the house towards a pair of lofty iron gates, which opened upon the then country road from London to the village of Tottenham. “Here have I been under the very roof with her whom I have never been able to banish from my thoughts. Here I have seen her smile upon me, and heard her speak, even in pleading accents in my own behalf; yet the

whole has flitted past without any reference to the future, as if it had been nothing but another dream—and I may never be favoured with a chance of meeting her more !”

“ Ye’ll be o’er proud noo, to ken an auld friend, Maister Hector,” said a female voice almost at his elbow, interrupting his reverie, from a narrow walk among the shrubbery. “ Ye warnae sae distant to a puir lass like me when I tosh’d up your jacket in Taymouth valley.”

“ Can this really be ? Mary Morrison here in London !” cried Hector, taking freely both the girl’s hands, in the Highland fashion. “ How could I think that you were near—to remind me so pleasantly of a happy time and the doings that’s past and gone, at old Balloch ? By my word, Mary, you look as blithe yet, and the red on your cheek is as fresh in this effeminate southland, as if you still grew like a wild blackberry among our own glens, and in the wholesome breezes of Breadalbane.”

“ O dinna speak, Maister Hector, o’ our

dear father-land just now," said the girl, "or ye'll gar me greet wi' the very thoughts o't. But now ye're talking in a flattering tongue, whilk it doesna become me to listen to, frae a gentleman like you. But, sir, ye needna be standing here courting me, when there's higher dames to fleech to, and other lips to reply to you, in the ha' aboon."

"What do you mean, Mary?"

"Oo just that a wee bird told me frae the bush, in the lawn, that my lady-mistress, that parted from you just now, would maybe like to say a quiet word to you afore you go."

"To me, Mary?—and now?"

"Do you think, Maister Monro, that I'm come out here to joke and jeer wi' you?—that ye stand there speering the whole question-book at me, instead of jumping at once, when a high dame whispers? Let me tell you, if ye canna take a hint frae a whistling bird, ye'll ne'er come speed wi' the ladies, my joe!" Saying this, the sly wench turned her back on the astonished youth, and, taking to her heels, made off like a

fawn down the path that wound through the shrubbery.

Amazed at his good fortune, Hector followed her in all haste, and, by the time he had arrived at the southern wing of the mansion, he found the girl waiting cunningly to see if he would understand her meaning.

“ It’s a serious business, after all, that my lady has to speak to you about—as I jalouse,” said Mary ; her face now assuming a corresponding look, as she led him into the house by a narrow corridor,—“ Och and ochon ! for our braw Highland lads ! for there’s never a day that the blithe sun shines, but there are heads whitening wi’ grief, or hearts breaking wi’ despair, in some part or other of this weary worl’ ;” and, almost in tears at her own sentiments, the sympathetic lassie opened for him the door of an inner apartment.

In a small summer parlour, that opened upon a little wilderness of herbs and flowers, Hector, with joyful surprise, found Helen Ruthven quite without attendants, and seated at an an-

tique writing-cabinet, as if waiting to receive him.

She blushed slightly on finding herself alone with one, who had been no stranger to her thoughts since they first met ; but, the seriousness of what she had to say being paramount to every other consideration, she braced up her mind to speak to Hector as to a brother or friend.

It was he, however, who first found tongue, and relieved their mutual embarrassment by pouring out his acknowledgments for the service she had just done him, the importance of which, at this particular moment, he said, she could not possibly be aware of, and the value of which was enhanced beyond calculation by her unexpected condescension, in giving him this blessed opportunity of expressing his thanks in her own presence.

“ I will allow you to say I have done you a service, sir,” she said, “ if you will now undertake to do me one in return—nay, interrupt me not ; ” and she waved her hand, as he proposed to speak to her, in his eagerness,—“ for I

think I know what you would say. But I want you to do as I shall desire for this day and to-morrow; or rather to act as a friend, to whom I shall send you, shall request; and, as the affair is one of life and death, it will require all your activity and all your address; and even then, alas! I can hardly venture to anticipate your success."

"Madam," said Hector, with strong anxiety, "to speed in your service to the ends of the earth will be to me the highest pleasure and honour; but oh! if I have the least favour in your eyes, suffer me but for a few hours first to visit and learn the fate of some unhappy friends whom I have long known, who have incurred the displeasure of his majesty's government, and are now lying in the dungeons of the Tower."

"Gracious heavens!" she exclaimed, "then may *you* know the youths called the Breadalbane brothers, the sons of my mother's friend, Mrs. M'Pherson?"

"Lady," he replied, "they have been my companions almost from boyhood. I have shot

with them the young eaglets on the hills, and hunted the red deer in their company, in the forests of Perthshire ; I have fished with them in the clear brooks of their native valleys ; and it was they that taught me best how to handle the broadsword, which is my pride ; and now they are immured between walls which have echoed for centuries to the prisoner's groan. O lady ! let me go and see them now, and help them if I can in their need ; and after that I will be your servant to the end of the world."

" If it is to know their fate that you would go," she said, with calm seriousness, " I can save you so long a journey ; the court-martial is over, and they are condemned to die."

" Merciful powers ! " exclaimed Hector, starting backwards, " and is that the justice and mercy of their king ? "

" The king is too busy with his continental war," was her reply, " to think of, or care for, persons of their condition. They were yesterday condemned to be shot in the court-yard of that fortress, in which so many gallant hearts have already perished ; and it is for them, and

in that very cause for which you express so much anxiety, I wish to employ you. Of all the circle of my father's friends, there is one, and one only, whose feelings would be likely to second their influence in a case such as this. At no time that I know of has the world abounded in good men; but Lord Gosford is one whom the muddy and overwhelming stream of court corruption has never been able to sweep within its vortex; and whom the blind spirit of faction, through all its changes, has never been able to cheat out of his calm views of justice, or harden his heart to the spontaneous suggestions of benevolence."

"But how do you see it possible, madam?" said the youth eagerly, his heart bounding with admiration of her noble sentiments, "that so insignificant a person as I can be employed with effect in so important a business; or that my own desires should be gratified with the least prospect of success?"

"Let no fear daunt you, Mr. Monro," she said. "You have more advantages in advocating a merciful plea of this sort than you

are aware of; for you know the feelings, and can explain the causes by which your friends have fallen into this trouble, and can also, if you are granted the opportunity, urge the reasons which exist on all hands for a mitigation of this terrible doom. Go at once to Lord Gosford. He, if I mistake not, knows the whole of the lords justices, in whose hands the life of your friends now are; and though age has dimmed his eye and enfeebled his frame, he will at least send you to the quarter where your own eloquence and ardour may plead something in the cause of these unhappy men. Here is a letter to his lordship, which will both introduce you and save personal explanation."

"Madam," said Hector, astonished at so much energy and tact in one so young, "I feel this to be the most important day of my life, and, by Heaven! the lives of my friends shall be saved, and your wishes granted, else I will never look upon those blessed eyes more!"

"O sir! do not," she exclaimed, interrupting him, "let over-confidence in uncertain events induce you to tempt Heaven by vows

and imprecations ! Now, tarry not with me ; God give you speed, and bring, through your means, relief to the sorrowful widow, and the heart-broken maidens ! Adieu, for the present !” she added, giving him frankly her hand ; “ say not further now. If this matter prospers with you, you may see me again, notwithstanding circumstances which I can hardly be expected now to explain.”

He thought he saw tears in her eyes as she uttered the last words ; but she turned away her head, and, warmly kissing her hand, he at once flew forth upon his important errand.

By the time he got to the house of Lord Gosford, however, which was situated near the then suburban village of May Fair, his thoughts concerning the unexpected sentence passed on the M'Phersons, and his own reasoning on the apparent injustice of it, made him regard that sentence as little more than a matter of form, and the success of any respectable application for their pardon as a thing almost certain. With a confident hand, then, he lifted the great

brass knocker of his lordship's door, and, with a step of pride at the mission he had undertaken, he was ushered through a large gloomy apartment at once into the presence of the aged nobleman.

“How children of yesterday become men and women, while we grow old, and ripen for the grave!” said Lord Gosford, half mentally and with moralizing pathos, as he concluded the perusal of Helen's letter. “Here is an infant belonging to Thomas Ruthven, whose yellow hair, as she stood at my knees as a child, is almost all I remember concerning her, writing to me already with all the sense and spirit of a grown woman, and, like a pretty simpleton, the infant persuades herself that I may have interest to save the lives of two condemned men. Alas!” he added, looking again at the letter, “the means of doing evil are ready and pliable to the hand of every man; but those of doing good, with any effect, are often far to seek and stubborn in the using. I fear, young man,” he went on, looking across the table to Hector, “I can be of little service in this matter.”

“If your lordship,” said Hector, considerably damped by this speech at its very outset, “would be pleased to try your interest by me with those to whom the king has delegated the power of life and death, I should be certain of success, from what I could urge in favour of these misled men, upon the simplest principles of reason and justice.”

The broad, wrinkled face of Lord Gosford was raised with a look of astonishment upon Hector, as he finished this speech. “And do you imagine, young man,” he said, “that the world is governed by considerations of reason and justice; or that the painted peacocks of a court would listen to such principles from a youth like you? Hum!—now listen while I talk to you. As well might you go to the land’s-end of England, and preach reason and justice to the great tumbling ocean, which swallows up in its insensible womb the small fragile bark in the tempest, regardless of the agony of the screaming mariner, while the strong oaken frigate, and the rich galleon, it bears with security and pride on the crest of its waves. No,

sir, reason and justice are very well for the exercise of the schoolboy, or the mouthing of the pedagogue; but the world is governed by a system of selfish expedencies, which it dignifies with various sounding names, according to the cant of the time, and for the upholding of which the one half of mankind are made victims to the other."

The flash of animation that lighted up the old man's countenance as he spoke seemed to communicate to it for a moment the warm enthusiasm of youth; while Hector, dumb with surprise, sat involuntarily waiting for further reply.

"I grant you, the case is hard," continued his lordship, "for these simple and believing men. But there is the *law*, the complex offspring of this expediency, which is made for the protection of the powerful against the encroachments of those whose own natures tempt constantly to its breach. Whatever may have been the circumstances that led to it, these men have committed a breach of the law; and *expediency*, which turns reason into a pliable prosti-

tute, and justice into a terrifying monster, will say that they *ought* to suffer. What can a retired old man like myself say to reasoning such as this? What do the lords justices care for the lives of two or three obscure Scots deserters, or the reasons by which they may have been misled to a breach of the law? What have men who have to deal with large masses of human beings to do with private sufferings, or with the broken hearts of powerless individuals? The law, whose letter *killeth*, will justify their lordships in refusing to listen to any appeal in favour of its transgressors. The men will be executed, because they have done social wrong and are of no importance to the world, and the affair will soon be forgotten."

"And is your lordship then of opinion," said Hector, his heart sinking at the idea, "that it will be useless to make any effort?"

"By any interest that I possess, I am convinced it would," said his lordship; "simply because the reason and justice that you are inclined to plead are all that I myself could urge; and that would be nothing with men who, in

common with the faction whom they have displaced, and all the factious ministries which I have seen in my time, are occupied in reality with nothing but intriguing or squabbling for the bones, which a corrupt government has to give away to all who can tempt or terrify those in power into the largest bribes. The good men, and the independent-minded, are so few, and so little chance have they of power, that I scarce know one to whom I could send you for any effectual purpose. Argyle, your countryman, has retired in disgust, and would not now be listened to; Tweeddale has the power, but, doubtless, not the will, else he would not hold the place he does. Yet stay—there is one good woman, who is about the court and yet not in it—and who will truly feel for the cases of the Highlanders. I mean the Princess Elizabeth, the king's daughter. She has all the virtue of her late mother, Queen Caroline; perhaps all her sense, without her scepticism in religion, and her intriguing inclination for courtly rule. If I could contrive any way of getting you access to her, so that she could hear you her-

self state the case of your unfortunate acquaintances, the reason and justice upon which you depend would not be lost upon her virtuous mind. Whether the lords justices would even attend to her representation, should she consent to make it, is another question; for, like myself, the princess eschews the abominations and lies even of her own father's court. Let me see," he continued musingly,—“the thing is worthy of a trial,—for life is sweet to the poor as well as to the rich,—and 'tis a pity to break the hearts of the lowly, whose enjoyments are so few, and whose sorrows are so many, in a world which seems not to have been made for them.”

Saying this, his lordship laid his head back on the high coronet-crowned chair on which he sat, and, closing his eyes as one asleep, he seemed to consider what step to take; while, admiring his true benevolence of heart, Hector patiently waited the result of his cogitations.

“Yes, I think this will do,” he said, suddenly opening his eyes: “I will send to Lord Hervey, the well-known son of my old friend,

the Earl of Bristol. It is no scandal to say, that his lordship is much about as great a rogue as the rest, and has taken to patriotism at last, because, as he is now out of the ministry, nothing is to be made of the contrary course. But his heart may be now a little softer than usual, for he is at present smarting under the soreness and chagrin of personal disappointment; and as he is really a man of parts and sense, *reason* and *justice*, as you say, may at present be slightly attended to, as coming somewhat home to his own case."

"Allow me, my lord," said Hector eagerly, "but to try him on this pressing occasion. Hard, indeed, would his heart be, if he should not feel what I should represent."

"Pleasant simplicity! delightful rawness of generous youth!" exclaimed Lord Gosford again, looking with a sarcastic expression across towards Hector. "But what *you* mean by feeling is very different from the cold and stifled sentiment, which, in reference to the case of an obscure inferior, however sad and serious the case may be in itself, arises in the breast of

a hackneyed man of the world, and an old intriguer for power and place at court. But it is not either for what he can or might be disposed to do, in a case such as this, that I venture to introduce you to Lord Hervey. It is for the influence he still has over the amiable princess,—before whom I shall request him to lay this story of the Highlanders,—that I try this experiment upon his lordship's benevolence. For, you must know, that kings' daughters have their feelings like other women,—so the virtuous princess was captivated by the person and wit of this favourite of a beloved mother many years ago ;—yes ! the late Queen Caroline was a partial friend of his lordship's, and love is too great a stranger to princely hearts, for Elizabeth to have forgotten, to this hour, the pleasing sentiments, warm feelings, and vain hopes of her youth. And observe, my young sir,—though less interesting, of course, than this recluse maiden of a royal house,—his lordship himself is, after all, a remarkable man ; and when you come before him, you will do well to note his bearing and manner, as well as

the thoughts he expresses upon a case like the present. Tarry now till I write a letter to him, by you. I flatter you not with hopes; but to send you to the husband of the beautiful and talented Mary Lepell, is at least no dishonour to yourself; and to be brought into the presence of a being like the princess, should you be so fortunate, will at least bring with it no court contamination."

A few minutes only were sacrificed in waiting, until the benevolent nobleman had written his letter; and it was with sentiments of admiration, not unmixed with regret, that Hector left his gate, and proceeded, in all haste, on his urgent errand.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ Honour, the error and the cheat,  
 Of the ill-natured, busy great !  
 Fond idol of the slavish crowd !  
 Nonsense invented by the proud ! ’

Why should I vex, and chafe my spleen  
 To see a gawdy coxcomb shine, when I  
 Have sense enough to sooth him in his follies ?

OTWAY.

THE celebrated partisan of a still more celebrated minister lived in one of the great old mansions at the east end of St. James’s Park, which then faced the buildings just erected on the site of the ancient palace at Whitehall, burnt some time before. When Hector arrived at Lord Hervey’s door, the treatment he received from the sharp-faced porter, and other menials

to whose scrutiny he was subjected, gave sensible indication to his mountaineer pride that he was seeking admission to a well-worn courtier. It was some time after he had given in his letter, ere he was conducted up the broad oaken stairs, and was at length shown into a small back apartment.

The figure that now presented itself to the eyes of Hector was well calculated to strike both his fancy and his judgment. Engaged in writing, opposite to a folding cabinet near a window, sat a personage, of whom all that Hector could see at first was a lank person, in the long flowing coat of the time, of pearl blue colour, and tastefully embroidered with silver lace. As Lord Hervey turned round, the light of the window shone green through a quantity of exotics with which it was crowded, upon a countenance so strangely thin, and features so transparently fair, as to be absolutely cadaverous, notwithstanding the streaks of rouge upon the cheeks, evidently laid on to take off their ghastly expression. Hector almost started back at this churchyard apparition, and yet the quick twinkle of the clear grey eye, that moved

every moment the nervous muscles of this animated face, carried in it by no means the indication of the tomb; and, though the rich lace cravat that his lordship wore was wound round the root of a long lean neck, with an effect rather unsightly, exposed as both were by the collarless fashion of the coat of the time—the flowing wig, crowning all, somewhat whiter than the face beneath it, helped considerably to soften the wan and emaciated expression of the whole, rendering it, after all, more peculiar than absolutely terrific.

All his anxiety for his friends was for an instant forgotten, as Hector contemplated this remarkable victim to constitutional epilepsy, or early dissipation. One or both of these had long withdrawn Lord Hervey from the free living universally indulged in by the men of rank of his time, and confined his diet to asses' milk, biscuit, and water, and that in the smallest quantities which would support nature; while physics and emetics, said to have been administered daily, were not able to quench his intriguing animation, or hinder the ambitious activity of his mind.

“Can this bloodless spectre of skeleton humanity in reality have been the favoured lover of a king’s daughter,” said Hector to himself, “and be now the husband of the beautiful court maid of honour that I have heard of, and the father, as I learn, of a fine family? Could this shred of man ever have, by mere soul and spirit, fought the desperate duel that I have heard of, with so burly a personage as the Earl of Bath? Is this the ‘Lord Fanny’ of the acrimonious poet, the ‘thing of silk,’ and the ‘piece of painted dirt,’ he speaks of? and how, with all his pamphleteering talent, courtly wit, and partisan oratory, can he have merited the bitterest, the most opprobrious names, that one feeble being belonging to frail human nature could heap on another, less contemptible in person even than himself?”

Though the present was the middle of June, the small apartment in which Lord Hervey sat was heated artificially by a fire, and ever and anon, as his lordship talked to Hector, he smelt at the fragrant exotics which were crowded round the window beside him.

“Come you from the north, young gentleman?” said he, with a thin cracked voice, his head laid back, and his sharp chin pointed upwards, as, with an air of infinite hauteur, he surveyed deliberately Hector’s person.

“I do,” said Hector, returning his lordship’s survey by a look which the other, of course, thought exceedingly impertinent.

“Lord Gosford is pleased to interest himself for a pair of Highland deserters,” said his lordship carelessly. “A good creature his lordship—an excellent soul, certainly, but not fit to live in a world like this—and has been long turned out of it accordingly; so he consoles himself by playing the moralist at May Fair, and working good works for want of much else to do. You are a philosopher, too, young man, no doubt. The Scotch are all troubled with philosophy; and you can give a great many reasons, I dare say, why these jacobite mutineers should not be hanged, and should be allowed to go back to their own country, to bring in the Pretender again—eh?”

The whole of Hector’s premeditated reason-

ings regarding natural justice, equity, and humanity, fled upon hearing this speech, like the dream of one who just awakes to an unexpected discovery. He stood for a moment in silence as his lordship smelt at the exotics, until, giving way to a rising impulse, he ventured to say,

“The men were deceived, my lord; and in refusing to be sent abroad, and in seeking refuge from injustice by returning to their own glens, they merely meant to adhere to their original compact—a compact which had been shamefully broken.”

“Upon my word, young man,” screamed the the peacock voice of his lordship, as he stared at Hector, “the Craftsman himself could not speak stouter jacobitism—but the poor are always discontented with the acts of their rulers—it is their nature to be so, and it is the nature of ignorance to rebel at authority. The mutineers had a fair trial, and the president of the court-martial is, I believe, a humane and considerate man, besides being an excellent judge of military law. I know General Lumley well—a most fortunate fellow! A most *fortunate* man, compared to what *I* have been,” added his

lordship, half mentally, in the true spirit of habitual selfishness, all the miseries and calamities of the world, as usual, merging in the petty grievances of his own disappointed ambition. "But there's no man has been used as I by a corrupt court. I have laboured in the cause of the government these twenty years," he went on, warming with the interesting subject, "and what have I got? Talk of injustice and the Highlanders! their case is *nothing* to mine! What am I now? after all my labours, forgotten and shelved! and Walpole himself intriguing against me—a man for whom I have fought and wrote through good and bad, until the very rascally mob, the common curs of vulgar discontent, execrate me to my face; and even the crook-backed poet of Twickenham spurts his galling lampoons upon me." And, as his lordship spoke, he took up, one by one, the pamphlets with which the table before him was littered, and dashed them down on it, until the black oaken walls of the apartment rung again with the noise.

"You see I am angry, young man," he added, observing Hector's astonishment at this

behaviour; "but I have just cause. I cannot think why Lord Gosford should send to me. What power have I to do aught for Highlander or Lowlander? Why does he not send you to Pulteney, or Cobham, or Pelham, or your own countryman, Tweeddale—or even old Shippen—anybody, in short, but me! I tell you, I have no more power, after all I have battled for, than old Sarah of Marlborough, who sits at home grinding her teeth at her own insignificance, and talking wise saws about the ingratitude of courts. But—"

As his lordship sought for a word, he turned his sharp eyes towards Hector, as if the last allusion had caused him also to turn a mental glance within; and he seemed to seek for Hector's reply, as if to relieve him from the ridiculous figure he was making before a stranger.

"Lord Gosford's object in sending me to you, my lord," said Hector, calmly, "was that, as the king is not in England, you might be pleased to use your influence with the Princess Elizabeth, that she might write to the lords justices on behalf of the unhappy condemned."

“True, young man, true,” said he again, sitting down at the table; “the plan may not be without its use. The Princess and I are old friends: if her mother had been alive, I should not now be—”

As he said this, a qualm of decaying nature seemed to come over his heart. He laid back his head on the high chair, and his cadaverous countenance turned so ghastly, notwithstanding its clots of red paint, that, as he stretched out his hands to grasp the empty air, Hector thought the gasp of death was already writhing his thin features, and that he was about to expire before his eyes. As Hector watched, he recovered a little, and, groping with his thin fingers towards a small cup that stood on a shelf in the cabinet before him, he swallowed a mouthful of some cordial that seemed to revive him, and then, as if nothing had happened, took up the pen to attempt to write.

“Yes—the princess,” he muttered—“I will write to the good princess. I might have been—I once thought to have been—but instead of that, you see me, young man—absolutely—”

but he checked himself, and dipped the pen in the ink.

“Can this flickering flame of the dying spark of existence,” said Hector to himself, as he watched the skeleton hand trembling along the paper, “which is just ready to be puffed out for ever, be still straining at the honours of a life, which it is perfectly unable to enjoy? What a wretched thing must be court ambition, if such are the remains of it consuming canker, which thus dim the fleeting sight on the very confines of an eternal world, and still eat into the restless heart already half in the grave; for I know that this poor shadow of frail humanity cannot live over a few months. I wish I were out of his presence.”

He finished the epistle, and handed it to Hector. “See the princess if you can,” he said, “and tell her your own story *vivâ voce*. She is easy of access, if you can only run the gauntlet of the king’s domestics, and, with all her religion, she will not be displeased to have her solitude disturbed by such as you;”—and as he said this, his thin hollow features pursing up into

a spectral smile of sneering expression, as he threw a haughty glance over Hector's person, and subjoining a few words of direction, as to how our hero should manage to get past the various attendants of the palace, he made him a courtier bow, and they parted.

The lateness of the hour obliged Hector to defer his attempt to see the princess until the following morning, and he retired for the night to one of the inns with which Whitehall and Westminster were then crowded, with many sad and discomfiting reflections pressing upon his mind. He had not time that night to visit the unfortunate M'Phersons, nor was he much disposed to do so, until he might be enabled to be the bearer of some news that might comfort them. Of this consummation, however, sanguine as he had been at first, he now began to entertain some serious doubts, and a train of thought arose in his mind, as he reflected on what little he had ascertained of the sentiments and feelings of the great on a case like the present, which filled him with a humiliating and depressing melancholy. All night

he tossed in restless anxiety for the fate of his beloved friends, and horrible visions affrighted his spirit. Morning, however, brought some relief and some hope; and, dressing himself as genteelly as his wardrobe would permit, he set off betimes to try his luck in the palace of a king.

## CHAPTER V.

*Isabella.* Alas ! what poor ability's in me  
To do him good ?

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isabella.* My power ! alas ! I doubt.

SHAKSPEARE.

UPON arriving at old St. James's, the same natural sagacity which had led Hector many years before, when a destitute boy in Perth, to avoid, when in trouble, the abodes of the wealthy, and to seek sympathy and assistance from the poor, now led him, in having to do with the pampered menials of a palace, to treat them with imitative boldness, and to assume towards them an air of stateliness and indifference. By this means, and following the hints he had

received from Lord Hervey—who, with all his selfish garrulousness, was at least a penetrating man of the world—Hector was conducted from outer court to inner court, and from corridor to corridor, till at last, in a remote part of this irregular pile of brick buildings, a double door was cautiously opened, and, to his astonishment, he actually stood in the presence of the princess.

She was alone, and Hector cast his eyes with a hasty glance round the sacred apartment. It was a small but lofty closet, crowded with rich articles of massive cabinet-work, partly of the Dutch taste of the days of William of Orange, and partly of the German style, which had been of course the favourite of her mother; every article of which last she set an additional value upon for the good queen's sake. Heavy porcelain jars, then much in fashion, filled the recesses between several black and gilded cabinets; and a few vigorous old paintings, from Holbein to Sir James Thornhill, relieved the gloom of the shining black oak which cased the walls. Books, however, of all sizes and shapes,

arranged or piled with that exact method which, from the first, has been a well-known attribute of the Guelph family, were the chief inferior moveables with which the room abounded. The only object that helped to take off the air of seclusion and study which characterized this retreat of a royal maiden, was a solitary thrush, which hopped its narrow round, and whistled its lonely note, in a small cage that hung by the window. There the poor bird and its secluded mistress might be refreshed by the contemplation of the square parterres of the garden behind the palace, and the distant gothic turrets of the abbey of Westminster, which just appeared over the lofty trees of St. James's Park.

Without as yet noticing Hector, the princess sat reading carefully the letter of which he had been the bearer, and he had time to observe her appearance. A long-bodied, dark green gown, of plain but rich lutestring, the open part at the neck meeting low on the bust, according to the fashion of the time, was her only outer dress. This was entirely without ornament, saving a small stomacher of large diamonds,

that, with the utmost plainness, served to unite its folds at the bosom. Nor was there aught else distinguishing in the princess's apparel, excepting that "enormity of cap," puffed out in balloon fashion high above her head, which she wore exactly after the manner of Queen Caroline, her mother, whose very dress she loved to imitate. Her person was short, like that of her father; and, to the large full eyes and fair round face of her family, nothing is to be added to complete her description, but to notice that plaintive look of benevolence and resignation which was now habitual to her since her mother's death, and which so well agreed with the recluse and pious character of this "best of women."

"Yes, Lord Hervey," she said, after a time, breaking the conventional silence of the apartment in a half soliloquy—"Lord Hervey and I are old friends;" and she continued to gaze sadly on the letter, as if musing over the interesting recollections of former years, and thinking anew of the unnatural restraints and secret repinings of a king's daughter; but she

folded up the letter suddenly, as if checking her feelings, then shook her head meditatively as she seemed to receive consolation by reading a few sentences in the large Bible that lay open before her. Placing her hands over her eyes for a few moments, as if in mental communication with Heaven, she ended by gradually raising her head, and fixing her look abstractedly on Hector's countenance.

"My Lord Hervey refers me to you, sir," she said, "for an explanation of the cases of some unfortunate men, your countrymen, now lying in the Tower, under sentence of death."

Hector bowed respectfully, and in a few words gave the outline of the story of his friends.

"By your statement, sir," she replied, "these poor men must have acted from ignorance, rather than any wilful disloyalty, and under an impression that faith had been broken with themselves."

"Undoubtedly, madam," said Hector, "this is strictly the fact."

"And they have friends, you say, who respect them, and parents and relatives in their

own country, to whom, no doubt, their lives are dear?" added the princess, her countenance becoming animated with considerate sympathy.

'Madam,' said Hector, "your highness may not be told of the hopes that would be blasted, and the hearts that would be broken, by their death. It does not belong to your highness's station to know what it is for the poor widow to lose her only hope, and all that ties her to a lonely life; or for the maiden to lose her long-betrothed, and the only choice of her heart. Surely, madam, by your highness's influence these men may be saved."

The princess wrung her hands into each other, as she seemed to relapse into some painful meditation, and then said with emotion, "It belongs to my station, young man, to know sorrows, which the simple and the lowly can little dream of. Think *you* to come from the bare but free hills of your country to look on a palace for a refuge from the common calamities of life? Believe me, youth, *I* have found the contrary; but here is a refuge," she added, laying her hand on the large Bible before

her, which is equally open to the lofty and the low ; and it has been mine for many years ; for, to deal frankly with you, as your countenance pleases me, this present life to me has been but an unsatisfactory portion. But, I am diverging from the subject of the affecting tale you have told me. Willingly would I do my utmost to save these young men. But, what attention will worldly men give to the unaided representations of a lonely woman, who has long retired from the ambitious emulations of a court, and who is even ridiculed by the pitiable votaries of a profligate infidelity for the private employments in which she finds her only consolation. Yet, I will not refuse to write to their lordships, and God may grant that my prayer may be heard."

"And the prayer of the widow, and the blessings of the distracted maiden," said Hector fervently, "will ascend to Heaven like incense, in humble offerings on behalf of your highness for this goodness."

"I would not have you, young man," added the princess, solemnly, "to be too sanguine as

to the result of my application. When faction runs high, the hearts of public men are hard ; and the government of a great people is conducted upon general principles of supposed safety, which make the tears of the widow, that you talk of, or even the bitter groan of the dying, but like the struggles of the victim on the altar of sacrifice. Or, if I may speak to you thus, these things are to worldly men but like the softened murmur of the far-off storm, when the cry of despair is lost in the distance, and unheeded in the selfishness of comfort and security. I see you are concerned for those you love ; and the feeling is estimable. But you are yet young ; and death itself is not so great an evil as many suppose it."

"To the doomed themselves it may not," said Hector, deeply moved by the benevolent condescension of the princess, "but to the survivors, it is often——"

"True,—but much meditation on a subject of this kind at your age is not good. Have hope, my young friend, and I will forthwith write to the authorities, on behalf of these unhappy men."

Saying this, the princess rung a silver bell which stood on the table, and in an instant a small door opened between the cabinets, and two ladies, her attendants, entered the apartments. "Sit down, Bella, my dear," said she graciously to the first, "and take pen in hand, while I dictate a letter to their lordships of the privy council."

The lady sat down on a stool at the cabinet, and took up the pen. "Now, sir, you may go," added the princess to Hector; "your anxiety for your countrymen is creditable to your feelings, and I will not fail to second it to the best of my power. Adieu! The lords justices, after considering my letter, will send their final determination to the governor of the Tower. I bid you again farewell."

## CHAPTER VI.

Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,  
Friends weeping round us, blacks and obsequies,  
Make death a dreadful thing !

LEE.

WHILE the M'Phersons and their unhappy comrades were suffering their weary confinement in the dungeons of the Tower, the whole nation was rejoicing over the celebrated victory of Dettingen, the news of which had just arrived from the seat of war in Flanders. Success at all times covers a multitude of sins ; and even that part of the legislature, which had been the loudest in its outcry against England's taking part in the complex quarrels of the con-

continent, catching the infection of the national vanity, became almost partizans for the war which they had just condemned ; and the supposed errors of the new ministry, which they already began to distrust, were for the present forgotten in the congratulations of victory.

The king himself, who was very differently esteemed in his own times from his more popular successors of late years, gathered substantial laurels on that fortunate field, which never lost their greenness till the day of his death ; so dazzling to mankind is military renown, and so popular is energy of character displayed in any cause, when fortune happens to crown it with success. The reasoning people of Scotland, or the spirited Highlanders of the Black Watch, might blame his majesty, or his ministers, for the manner in which *they* conceived themselves to have been treated ; but when England saw the monarch hurry from his electoral dominions in the north, collect the Hessians and Hanoverians in Flanders, and, in conjunction with the allies and the English troops, under the command of the old earl of Stair, give battle

to, and defeat, the enemy under many disadvantages, all parties joined in admiring their king; and even factious spirit itself forgot for a moment its acrimony, in the temporary intoxication of national renown. To be sure, much of this success might be attributed to no higher cause than fortunate rashness; if the story be true of the passionate impetuosity of his majesty requiring to be restrained by the independent energy of the commander-in-chief, who is said to have put the king under arrest on the field, lest the army should lose by his hot-headed impatience the advantage it had gained by previous manœuvres. Be that as it may, so much had the military spirit natural to Highlanders been stimulated by the victory, that the great body of the Black Watch, by this time in Flanders, and marching towards the ground which the army occupied, were, notwithstanding all their former reluctance to go abroad to the war, sincerely sorry that they had arrived too late to share in the honours of the victory.

But all this military triumph, while it took the attention of many from the cases of the unfortunate condemned, deepened by its stirring spirit the mortification and misery which they individually suffered; while the weary hours of summer's gayest time passed sadly away, as they still waited the pleasure of the lords in the stone dungeons of the fortress. As the news of their disastrous retreat and their present captivity flew through the glens of the north, numbers of the relatives of the unfortunate men, besides the distracted females of Corrie-vrin and Glendochart, taking up the staff and scrip of the traveller, wended their toilsome way towards London, vowing, in their simplicity, to besiege the houses of the great, until they should release those they loved from this jeopardy. But when they came within the crowded streets of the great Babel, these seemed so endless, and the palaces and mansions so numerous, and so mixed up in the intricacies of a great metropolis, that the heads of the poor mountaineers became confused; they knew not

whither to go, nor to what individual to apply. A few found their way to the mansions of some of the titled among their own countrymen, of whose ancestors Scotland had once been proud ; and who, they learned, had the power to aid them in this extremity. But when they arrived, they imagined that the great aristocratic gates and doors frowned black and forbidding upon them, as if the owners fenced themselves securely against all petition or complaint from such as they ; and the well-fed lackeys by whom the mansions were guarded seemed well-instructed to prevent the cry of the miserable ever reaching the ears of those, who within sat quite above the sphere of ordinary sympathy. Thus the simple strangers gave up their attempts in despair : and, hovering in groups about the mean neighbourhoods of the Minories and Tower-hill, waited with sad anxiety the still protracted determination of the lords justices.

In here hastening over several matters of minor detail, we have to plead the powerful excuse of the accredited practice of the world. The world avoids the unfortunate, and the

happy shrink from the cell of the miserable, because sympathy itself is often painful and inconvenient, and disturbs the equanimity of contented enjoyment.

In short, the final will of the lords justices was at last made known to the governor of the Tower; namely, that the sentence of death, which had been passed *pro forma* upon the mutineers of the Black Watch was to be remitted for banishment to those very countries to which, by their flight, they had expressed their dread of being sent, excepting the three individuals, Malcolm and Samuel M'Pherson, brothers, and Farquhar M'Naughton, or Shaw, who were to suffer forthwith in the presence of their comrades.

When this intelligence was, by the watchful anxiety of M'Evan of Glenmore, first brought to Hector, he refused all belief in a sentence so terrible, in so unexpected a result to all his exertions. But the not less astonished chieftain soon convinced him that the tale was too true, and the doom of his friends was finally sealed. By what mode of reasoning the lords justices

had, in spite of all circumstances of palliation, come to their present decision, he could not learn; but the warning observations of the aged Lord Gosport, and the melancholy prognostications of the amiable princess, now came sadly home to Hector's mind.

For several weeks he had carefully avoided the unhappy females from Breadalbane, from absolute inability to witness the dreadful effects of their consuming anxiety, and in the constant hope of being enabled to be the bearer of joyful tidings. For the same reason he had still deferred a personal communication with his amiable employer, Helen Ruthven, until he should be able to stand in her presence with pride, if not with a hope, which he scarcely could at present define to himself. How this compound blow was to be supported by all concerned he was unable to conceive. Upon the case of the widowed mother of two such gallant sons, in particular, he dared not even think. Glenmore and he sat for some time in dumb stupefaction. At length the former calmly said, "This day is allowed them to take a last

farewell of their friends ; come, Hector, and see the poor fellows before they die.”

The world around him seemed, to the confused eyes of Hector, to have a new aspect, as he went forth with his friend, upon this melancholy errand. Upon the bald open ground of Tower-hill, as he passed, the scaffolds of former executions seemed to arise over the heads of the people ; the waters of the great ditch without the walls seemed to roll more black and muddy as he passed ; and, on looking up towards the dark frowning gates of the fortress, he could hardly persuade himself that he had not seen the heads of decapitated sufferers of old still grinning ghastly from their pinnacles.

At length they were conducted internally under the picturesque ancient gateway, traditionally named the Bloody Tower ; and, through the great court-yard, passed to the place where those who were appointed to suffer were confined together. If any thing could add to the impressive horror of the trying scene that they were about to undergo, it was the dismal appearance of the dungeon apartment, in which

they found their friends waiting for the hour of their doom. It was the upper vaulted apartment of the building, now appropriated as a repository for ancient armour, and still called the Bowyers' Tower, from having been in olden times the residence appointed for the use of the master and provider of the king's bows. Of great strength, however, the walls being ten feet thick, and the only light admitted being by three recesses, terminating in narrow embrasures, it had for centuries been used for one of the securest prisons in the garrison ; and sometimes, no doubt, for those private executions which were not uncommon in this den of tears. One, at least, took place in this dungeon, namely, the smothering of the celebrated duke of Clarence in a butt of malmsey, in the fourth Edward's time ; and truly, when the visitor contemplates its black stone walls, at that period scarcely seen by the loop-hole light, its groined and vaulted roof, and its cell, or secret passage, formed in the wall, a more dismal spot could hardly have been found, to deepen the depression of imprisonment, or to aggravate the horrors of secret

execution. On some of those parts of the walls on which the light was permitted to shine the sad memorials of former sufferers appeared, scratched in rudely formed names, or quaint sentences of moralizing complaint ; and, on the darker side of the dungeon, some gigantic specimens of ancient armour, said to have formerly belonged to old knights of Malta, appeared in the dim gloom, as if the iron ghost of feudal terror still hovered within this melancholy dungeon, to watch the last numbered hours of those that were doomed to die.

When the small oaken door at one end was opened to admit Hector and his friend, the three men, now seen like statues of stone in the dark side of the dungeon, seemed to start as if from a reverie ; and, as they came forward, their step firm and stately, notwithstanding their affliction, the clank of the fetters which bound their limbs, together with their calm yet changed look, struck upon our youth's heart with a shock that was almost overpowering.

“ Are they entirely gone ? ” said Malcolm,

grasping Hector's hand with an unusual expression on his countenance.

"Whom do you speak of?" Hector inquired, for by the light of the embrasure now shining on his friend's face, he perceived that he had been giving way even to tears.

"Do not blame me, my young friend," said Malcolm, his voice trembling with recent emotion; "I could have parted for ever with the light of day and the breath of life—I could have even bid farewell to our free hills of Scotland, which I love so well—but my mother is a widow, and there are two of us going: even Samuel is not spared to my poor sister Phoeme, who loses a betrothed sweetheart and both her brothers in one day! Hector, their hearts are too warm to bear it; for they are breaking already. I have parted from them all, my friend! I have just bid them a last farewell; and my manhood could not stand it without tears—tears that were hotter than the heart's blood that is to flow to-morrow in that court-yard without: but now I have got over that trial—and, as was said by a higher than I,

whose blood was also shed unjustly near these dungeons—I feel that the bitterness of death is past. These terrible sobbings of nature, however,” he added, after a long pause, “that now choke my imperfect speech, are only a momentary weakness, when I think of what these poor women are to suffer after we are gone—before the process is ended, which is sometimes tedious, of the breaking of their own hearts. But I am glad you are come, for so confused was my head with these parting griefs, that, as I heard the door which admitted you, grating upon its hinges, the sound again unmanned me; for I mistook it for the distracted screams of my mother and Phoeme, again renewed, as the keepers dragged them down the stair.

“You will not see us thus at sunrise tomorrow, when the last scene comes,” said Farquhar, firmly, as he embraced Hector and the chief. “It is our own warmth of heart, and our love for them that love us, when threatened to be taken from them, that has brought us to this; but since we are unfortunate we will bear it manfully. I am happy

for my part, that *my* mother is still far from this scene, and that my poor father, who was once in similar circumstances, will not hear of it, until it is all over. Hector, you will tell them, and all that know me, that I died like a son of the M'Naughtons of Glendochart and the Shaws of Kilfendie."

The speech of M'Evan, in reply to all he heard from the unhappy youth, was briefly spoken, and not without that bitterness of expression, which the sight of three fine young men, consigned to death, on grounds which he thought grossly unjust, was calculated to produce on a proud and honourable mind. But when Malcolm, in a choking half-whisper to Hector, requested to be spoken of when he was gone, to Katharine M'Evan, "of bonnie Glenmore," as his last remembered on earth, besides his mother and sister—while an old-fashioned family trinket was put into the youth's hands to give her as a dying token—the chief, who stood by, was moved to a mixture of feelings too powerful at the moment to be perfectly suppressed.

All saw, however, that it was necessary to put a speedy end to this scene. "Do not allow yourself to be thus moved, my dear young friend," said Malcolm, as Hector sobbed unrestrained. "You know not what you may yet have to witness, if you have sagacity to see the real nature of the circumstances in which you are placed, and the wisdom timeously to give way to them. But above all things, never think of disobeying the law, as I have done; or imagine that the weak will not in all cases be overcome by the strong, as long as the world pays only a convenient attention to reason and to honour. Now, again farewell! Pray for us all—for we stand on the brink of another state."

The chief tore the young friends asunder, as they hung upon each other with silent tears. The oaken door soon grated behind the visitors, and Hector, scarcely sensible, was hurried home, and left to the solitude of his own apartment.

## CHAPTER VII.

Now captives, look your last ! the fatal guns  
Are levelled ; ye must die !

ANON.

THE living world, in every passing hour, is in reality only a confused mass of contradictory sensations. While some are marrying and giving in marriage, eating and drinking to the throat, and rejoicing presumptuously in their own doings, others are torn asunder by all the variety of human ills—while a few, at all times, are occupied in sadly counting over the numbered moments that stand between the present and the approaching instant, which, by their evil fortune, is ap-

pointed to deprive them with violence of all sensation whatever, of every further hope of earth's enjoyments, for the bare chances of which, men, in the midst of all that they witness, are still disposed to cast eyes of covetousness upon the doubtful boon of a troubled existence.

The sensations of Hector, during that sleepless night which preceded the execution of the gallant brothers, for whom he had exerted himself so fruitlessly, and Farquhar, whom he had known so long and loved so well, are happily not capable of being made a matter of imagination. Still less may we comprehend the feelings of those, who were even nearer and dearer to the devoted youths, and who had this trial to bear, with all the delicate sensitiveness that belongs to the female character. The night *did* pass over, however, as all nights must; and the sun had barely tipped the ancient white turrets of Cæsar's Tower, when the distant sound of the first trumpet of the morning, blown, as was then the practice, from the walls of the fortress, told Hector what was already going forward. That restlessness, which

in the young and vigorous is the general attendant of great mental distress, came now so strongly over our youth, that he was scarcely able to remain in his apartment. While he paced it rapidly, as if trying to lose in physical motion the hurry of his thoughts, the door was opened suddenly, and the portly figure of Glenmore stood by his side.

“ I cannot rest here, Hector,” said the chief. “ My mind is filled with a strange mixture of anxiety and impatience. I tried to sleep, and my dreams, I almost think, portended further troubles; perhaps they may indicate better things. At all events, my nerves are somewhat hardened by the world; I will go forth and witness this scene of blood.”

A silent shake of the hand was all that Hector could reply, and the chief hastily descended into the street. When he arrived near the outer barbican of the fortress, or the Lions' Gate, he perceived the whole bank of the moat, and the open ground on Tower Hill, already covered with groups of Highland strangers, the relatives of those who were condemned to ba-

nishment, and now in a state of wild excitement awaiting without the approaching execution. With some difficulty he obtained that admission which was denied to the great body of his countrymen ; for all within the fortress was active bustle, and presented a scene of solemn excitement.

The imposing solemnities attending a military execution, or even a military funeral, are well known. But this was one comprehending both, and was accompanied by circumstances uncommonly impressive ; for the dungeons of the Tower had already disgorged the whole of the other two hundred delinquents of the Black Watch, who, previously to their banishment for ever, were doomed to witness the immolation of their beloved comrades. On this account, an unusual number of the military were on duty this morning ; and their officers had the strictest orders of prompt severity, in case of any insubordinate movement on the part of so large a body of prisoners, which might, in the irritated minds of high-spirited Highlanders, be caused by the terrific excitement of the execution.

The principal part of this military force was already drawn up in two lines along that, then open, ground, on the upper or northern side of the great inner court, which is now occupied by the long modern buildings of the armoury. In front of this double line, immediately under the walls of the White Tower, which occupies the centre of the square, the execution was appointed to take place; and behind the line to the north, along a passage between the outer and inner walls, on the latter of which the Bowyers' Tower is situated, the melancholy procession was to advance; first westward and south, until it arrived at a port in the western wall, under the Beauchamp Tower, and then issuing from thence, and passing the ancient chapel of the fortress, which occupies the north-west angle of the court, it was to proceed eastward in front of the double line of infantry, until it finally reached the last scene of all, where the strong walls of the White Tower should stop the stray bullets of the executioners.

When Glenmore entered by the southern

side, he found the high ground, or terrace, which runs along the west side of the court under the Beauchamp Tower, in the wall well known as the building where Lady Jane Grey was confined, already crowded with people; and, on his pressing forward towards the port before mentioned, beneath it he was stopped by the sentinels, who would suffer none to enter the passage between the outer and inner walls, through which the condemned were shortly to proceed from the Bowyers' Tower to the court. Already had the escorting party marched to that part of the fortress, to receive the prisoners. The removing of their fetters was understood to be the business at present going forward, and the fitful and melancholy toll of the bell, which now began to sound from the small chapel near—within whose ancient walls rested the bones of so many who had formerly suffered on this spot—gave signal that the procession was about to move.

Presently a deep roll of muffled drums, from the military band in attendance, broke with stronger effect the deep silence of the morn-

ing; and the solemn lamentation of the Dead March in Saul arose in the air with such touching impression that it smote the heart of Glenmore, where he stood, with a sickness that felt like the stifling grasp of death itself, particularly from another sound that succeeded it; for the dolorous music was answered at the moment by a low wail from the multitude that clad the banks of the moat without, and a hollow moan from the gathered crowd within, and, as it were, that deep and spontaneous verdict of human sympathy, which nature's voice unconsciously utters, against the imposing sacrifices that are sometimes made to public law.

A pressing back of the crowd on the terrace beside him drew the attention of Glenmore to another matter. It was the disarmed prisoners of the Black Watch, who, in three divisions, were silently marched forward to join the procession, and be witnesses of the execution of their comrades. If suffering calls forth moral greatness, it is seldom favourable to personal appearance; accordingly, the handsomest of the Highlanders, who now came forward and

breathed for a little the free breath of open day, even in the Tower of London, had been so worn down by unwonted confinement, that their countenances were haggard and emaciated, their mountaineer air seemed in some instances to be turned into an expression of indignant shame, that was almost savage; and, deeply moved by the scene they were brought out to witness, many glanced round them on the assembled crowd with a melancholy bitterness, as if they thought that the whole world had become their enemy.

A breathless interval of a few moments brought the doleful music and the fitful roll of the drum close to the port of the Beauchamp Tower, and first came forth the provost-marshal on horseback, in a plain scarlet coat, like a military surgeon, a cocked hat, no sword in his hand, but a pair of large pistols thrust into a broad belt round his waist, with which it is the duty of that officer to despatch any of the condemned, on whom the bullets of the execution party may fail to take fatal effect. After the provost-marshal came the band, with a range of

muffled drums—next followed a sight, which, though according to the prescribed forms, Glenmore was certainly not prepared to witness. This was three black coffins to receive the bodies of the prisoners, each borne by four men belonging to the regiments of the garrison; immediately behind followed the prisoners themselves, bareheaded, and their arms pinioned behind them, each accompanied by a clergyman, one of whom was the same venerable individual who had attended at the court-martial as Gaelic interpreter. Outside of these, two privates of the escort walked by each, and after them the soldiers of the escort; the whole of this first procession being closed by six civilians of the garrison, in full-dress mourning, with swords, according to the fashion of the time.

The countenances of the prisoners were somewhat pale, bearing the impress as well of the effects of their confinement as of the suffering of their minds; but the step of each was firm, and their carriage upright and fearless as ever, while the eyes of all, and in particular of

Malcolm, who walked first, cast around that eagle glance of manly pride, which it was evident death himself was challenged to subdue.

A murmur of blessings and prayers from the crowd, which was quite affecting, was elicited by the appearance of these fine young men, thus marching nobly to their death; and even the wild sorrow of their comrades, and their stern despair, were changed into silent greetings of applause and pride, as they witnessed the modest calmness, if not intellectual elevation, which sat on the countenances of their beloved leaders, who were thus to be sacrificed for their common offence.

The procession halted opposite to the chapel, while a body of twenty-four grenadiers, being a double execution party, according to the usual forms, met it in front. Following all, the whole body of the Highlander prisoners, now marched up between a strong escort of dragoons, were ordered to fall into the rear; and, by this movement, and a sudden arrangement of the guard, a sight was presented to the sickened spectators, for which Glenmore at

least was not prepared. This was an open grave, or rather hole, calculated to hold three coffins at the bottom, already dug in that part of the terrace, which, though actually part of the court-yard, seems to serve for the burying-ground in front of the chapel. The crowd around gave an involuntary shudder at the discovery of this unexpected preparation; the three youths, as they were marched past it, looked into the hole with a melancholy smile, at what they considered an unnecessary cruelty, while the aged clergymen, who walked by their sides, clasped their hands, and looking upwards, spoke of Him who is the resurrection and the life, as well as the hearer of the prisoners' saddest groan, and the consoler of those who are doomed to die.

The melancholy procession moved on, passing along the front of the whole of the line, which terminated to the east, at the foot of the ancient fabric, now open to strangers, under the name of the Jewel Tower; then turning to the right, and moving downwards, it ultimately left the condemned in their position in front of

the centre of the long line, and under the walls of Cæsar's Tower. The coffin-bearers now set down their charge at one pace distance from each other, and retired to the left, while, the wings of the line being marched in so as to form three sides of a square, the escort party, acting as an inner guard over the prisoner Highlanders, now formed in three bodies round the condemned; the execution party marched back near the main body, while the ceremonies which were immediately to precede the fatal event were performed.

The deputy advocate-general, now stepping into the centre of the square, read from a paper, in the hearing of all, the crime of the whole of the prisoners, the sentence of the court-martial, and the warrant for the execution of Malcolm and Samuel M'Pherson and Farquhar Shaw, now about to take place. While all this went on, the young men maintained the same bearing of calm self-possession as formerly, and, recognizing successively their sad surviving comrades with kind affection, they gazed round upon the red soldiers and the multitude beyond, with

looks of stern mountaineer pride and true Roman composure. The eldest Highland clergyman, now taking off his hat, and showing a venerable white head, began to pray audibly for the souls of those who were about to be sent into an eternal world, upon which the whole of the two hundred prisoners fell on their bare knees, on the paved court, as one man, and the fervour of their ejaculations, as they joined their voices to the strong Gaelic address of the old minister, sounded over the heads of the breathless crowd like a wild yet sublime moan, more affecting to the enchained and weeping spectators than even the execution itself.

A death-like silence succeeded this touching scene, and, as the general body of the prisoners were now marched back from beside their condemned companions, the multitude, in compassionate excitement, waited the final event. The three young men were now placed on their knees on their respective coffins, all refusing to have their eyes bandaged. The provost-marshal measuring twelve paces in front, the execution party took their station,

and every thing seemed to be ready. A movement behind the military at the last moment, among a crowd so excited, is no uncommon circumstance in cases like the present. But the hawk's-eye of the colonel in command, this morning, had been frequently cast round him on the gloomy countenances of the prisoners of the Watch, as well as on the numerous spectators, for he knew that their feelings were now wound up to such a pitch, that every thing was to be apprehended from the least accident ; and a murmur and stir, now drawing close to the scene, made him eager to hasten the ultimate act, for fear of some painful occurrence.

As the clergyman was still engaged with the devoted three, the stir behind the soldiers seemed at one point to increase, and sharp sounds of a man's voice were now frequently heard, breaking, by its uncouth but energetic accents, that under-toned hum pervading the multitude, which was now more impressive than silence itself. All eyes began to be turned to this spot, while other voices were now joined to the first, and the stir beginning to assume a se-

rious appearance, the commander saw that not a moment was to be lost.

“Provost-marshal, do your duty!” commanded the colonel, stepping again into the square. The clergymen, after a last word, walked slowly from the victims. The brothers and Farquhar cast a last look towards that native north which they loved so well; and, giving their last yearning thoughts to those for whose sakes death was a real bitterness, other thoughts, such as are proper to the aspirations of dying men, began to swim confusedly in their brain. The buz at the former point now increased. The word was given to the execution party—the musquets were levelled on the instant—the triggers were drawn—and the volley of death rent the still air like the crack of doom—and its reverberating echoes went to the heart of each of the trembling multitude, who from without and within the fortress seemed to answer it by a low but simultaneous moan. The brothers fell with little convulsion; but the spectators were not more astonished to see the third, namely, Far-

quhar, though no doubt mortally wounded, still upright on his knees, and gazing wildly around him—than to hear a voice from behind, louder, if possible, than the report of the death-shot itself, shouting some unintelligible words; when, in an instant, a man, breaking through the double ranks of the soldiers, rushed into the arena, and, in accents of terrible despair, shouting in Gaelic and English, “My son! my son!” sprang towards him who still maintained his stony gaze from his fatal place on the coffin.

“Seize him!—stop that person!” cried the colonel, as several of the officers now surrounded the intruder, while a general consternation increased the confusion without.

“He is my son!—will you not let me embrace my son?” cried the unfortunate Cearnach; “I am this moment arrived at this awful scene, to give him my blessing. See, he is not dead; but you have bound his arms, that he cannot extend them towards his distracted father—Ochon—ochon! that I should see this day!” and the exhausted old man, finding him-

self mastered by those who held him back, stamped on the ground in intense agony.

This unexpected incident had for a moment paralyzed the official personages, and painfully disturbed the solemnity of the execution; but while the firing party waited for orders, and the eyes of the unfortunate Farquhar still rolled in ebbing life, the provost-marshal coolly stepping into the midst of the arena, and cocking one of the large pistols that he had taken from his belt, presenting it to this youth's breast, shot him through the heart before his father's eyes.

"Now," screamed the old man, dropping on his knees, "shoot a kind bullet through her distraught brain; for *I* also have broken your Lowlander law—and just let me follow my poor boy to the land o' the leal, for here there is naught but care and sorrow. O gentlemen! will you not put a bullet through me, for a mercy?"

"Remove the man—take him away," said the commander; and the unfortunate Cearnach was hurried out of the arena, while an instant

movement of the troops in front of the Highland prisoners, prevented further effects from this painful incident.

A sudden stupor seemed to have seized the unhappy old man, as Glenmore, getting near, was enabled to grasp him by the arm. The red-coat troops, now dividing into sections, formed, to march past the bodies as customary, preparatory to their being placed in the coffins, on which they lay extended in the placid calmness of their last sleep. Unable to bear more, as the crowd were pressed back, Glenmore, by the humanity of the officers, who recognized with pity the father of one of the executed, made way for them both by the eastern passage; and, in the same state of stupor, the old man was hurried by the chief towards the outer wall, and across the moat that leads from the Tower.

Meanwhile, order being restored within, but few of the crowd, indeed, having the least idea of the real cause of the temporary disturbance, the whole of the military were marched slowly past the dead, to the funereal roll of the muffled

drum, the same wailing music playing as at the procession. This ceremony being ended, a small party of the prisoners, who still looked on, relations and namesakes of the deceased, were permitted to draw near, and, kissing the corpses, placed them in the coffins. As the whole now ranged themselves in the rear of the scene of blood, their sober and resigned behaviour induced the officers further to allow them to bear and follow the bodies of their unfortunate comrades to the open grave near the chapel. As they proceeded in this melancholy duty, the infantry looking on, with their muskets inverted—the feelings of the Highlanders, no longer to be kept down, burst forth in a low and suppressed moan; which, if less loud and piercing than their own coronach of the glens, was not less affecting to those that looked on. At length, the bodies being laid in their last bed, and the grave filled up, the surviving prisoners were distributed in quarters within the garrison, previously to their being sent abroad, agreeably to their sentence.\*

\* The vast improvement in all matters between the vernment and the people in our day, compared with

In the same state of low stupor, into which the Cearnach had fortunately fallen, upon wit-

that period, is not more conspicuous in the impossibility of such an affair being suffered to take place now, than in the superior interest that would in our day be taken in any event at all resembling this, and the minute information that would be diffused throughout society upon the whole subject. The baldness of the information concerning this transaction, given in the papers or pamphlets of the time, has occasioned the author much trouble in searching for details, which are, after all, as fully collected by Colonel Stewart of Garth, as is necessary for the ordinary purposes of history, or even to enable the reader to make tolerably just inferences. The apathy of the public, in England, to the whole transaction, is apparent from the very brief notices taken of it by the papers of the time; and the following, from the *St. James's Chronicle*, (quoted also by the Colonel,) and not even published until *eight* days after the execution, namely, the 20th of July, 1743, gives the best newspaper account of the transaction.

“On Monday the 12th, at six o'clock in the morning, Samuel and Malcolm M'Pherson, corporals, and Farquhar Shaw, a private man, three of the Highland deserters, were shot upon the parade within the Tower, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial. The rest of the Highland prisoners were drawn out to see the execution, and joined in their prayers with great earnestness. They behaved with perfect resolution and propriety. Their bodies were put into three coffins by three of the prisoners, their clansmen and name-

nessing the last shocking scene with his son, Glenmore was enabled to drag him unobserved sakes, and buried in one grave near the place of execution."

"There must have been something more than common," adds the colonel, "in the case or character of these unfortunate men, as Lord John Murray, who was afterwards colonel of the regiment, had portraits of them hung up in his dining-room. I have not at present the means of ascertaining whether this proceeded from an impression on his lordship's mind that they had been victims to the designs of others, and ignorantly misled, rather than wilfully culpable; or merely from a desire of preserving the resemblances of men who were remarkable for their size and handsome figure.

"It is impossible to reflect on this unfortunate affair," he goes on in a note, "without feelings of regret, whether we view it as an open violation of military discipline on the part of brave, honourable, and well-meaning men, or as betraying an apparent want of faith on the part of government. The indelible impression which it made on the minds of the whole population of the Highlands laid the foundation of that distrust in their superiors, which was afterwards so much increased by various circumstances."—*Stewart's Sketches of the Scots Highlanders*, vol. i. p. 243.

It is somewhat remarkable, that several foreign gazettes of the time contained rumoured accounts of the Watch having been ordered to march to London against the will and engagement of the men; and of the

past the melancholy groups, who still lingered on Tower Hill. By the time they arrived, however, at the lodgings of Mrs. M'Pherson, who, with her niece and M'Naughton's daughter, lived with a Highland friend in Eastcheap, the old man began to recover his recollection, as if to feel more intensely a second distressing scene that awaited him. They were met at the door by the shock-headed figure of poor Donald M'Pherson, the family gilly, and constant attendant of the deceased ; who, with a pale and haggard countenance, his eyes so swollen that he could scarcely be known, seemed hesitatingly to stop them as they would have passed up stairs.

latter having mutinied on the English border, killed many of their officers, carried off their colours, and returned to their native mountains. Though this account was copied and repeated from time to time in those journals, it was neither contradicted nor even noticed in the English newspapers, which seem to have maintained a silence on the whole of the affair that is quite unaccountable, and little like the zeal that has been shown for justice to the soldier by the public press of late years. But the substantial changes that have taken place in England during a period of ninety years are almost incredible.

“Come in here, gentlemen,” he said, opening a door below; “ye’ll no do weel to gang up stairs the now, just till the Lord’s will be known.”

“What do you mean, Donald,” said the chief, almost afraid to hear the reply of the servant.

“Weel, if his honour ’ll wait here,” said the man, looking to M’Naughton; and taking Glenmore aside, he whispered something in his ear.

“What is it you are hiding from me, gilly?” cried the Cearnach, with wild fury, and catching the terrified Highlandman by the throat—“and what fore will ye no let me up the stair, to see how my bairn stands this last stroke? By Christ, I’ll chock you whar ye stand, if ye play hidlings wi’ me in this terrible morning; for ye dinna ken the strength o’ a desperate man!”

“For God’s sake let me gang, sir, and I’ll tell you all,” gasped the terrified Highlander. “When the dead-bell began to toll frae the auld Tower, where my braw maisters were to

be execute, we steeked the doors and closed up the windows, that your demented daughter, and puir Miss Phoeme might not hear the rattle o' the guns that dealt the death. But the morning was lown, and the puir lasses sat listening wi' their hands on their een—and the shots sounded loud, loud o'er the lum head—and your daughter gi'ed a skreigh that was far louder than the death-shot, and then fell convulsed; and I fear me she's now hersel throttling in the dead-thraw."

"God keep me in my right judgment!" exclaimed the old man, breaking from the Highlander; and running up stairs, he kept calling to himself, in Gaelic, on the name of his daughter.

"Is that you, sir?" said Hector, who, pale and with an excited look, met him at the door of the apartment. "Alas! it were better that you had not come here at this awful moment."

"Dinna speak to me, sir; but let me see my demented bairn," cried the Cearnach, pushing past those who would have kept him back, and immediately caught his daughter in his arms.

A faint screaming sound, in which could be recognized the word "father!" and "poor brother!" was all the remaining strength of the maiden enabled her to say in her agony. Her heart was evidently breaking fast. A second and a third faint scream, while the agonized sufferer gazed round her with distracted wildness, showed the breathless bystanders that the emotions of the mind had completely overmastered the powers of the body; and, giving two or three low sobs, as her father stooped over her, the unhappy Cearnach looked on until he saw that his daughter was dead.

For some moments the silence that followed the departure of a spirit to the eternal world was truly the silence of the grave; and the faces of the remaining women were like sheeted corpses. The stony look of dumb despair on the marble countenance of the mother of the brothers now gone—her glazed eye and locked hands, as she and her daughter continued to gaze on the motionless corpse of their friend, with the ghastly compassion painted in the faces of several bystanders, formed a picture

which would have appalled the most callous heart. The silence was too dreadful to last. The grief of the Cearnach broke out at length into a howl of sorrow, which caused even the widow and her daughter to start from the stupor of despair, and to shudder as if the dismal yell shot through their frames, as they gazed first at the dead and then in the face of the unhappy old man.

With an effect that was terrific in the ears of Hector, the women of the house now took up the sound, giving way to their feelings in the appalling howl of mountaineer lamentation; until the fearful yell, mixed with the screams of the bereaved widow and her daughter, and the hoarse despair of the still more bereaved Cearnach, rose into a wild storm of sorrow that, loud as it was, seemed yet to struggle for utterance.

“My son! my son!—my daughter! my daughter!” shouted the distracted old man. “Would to God I had died! Would to God I *could* die! How shall I ever bear to go back to their childless mother in Glendochart!” and, as he stamped and refused to be comforted,

handfuls of hair, torn from his grey head, accompanied these and other heart-rending expressions.

This scene was too much for Hector. Even Glenmore, who stood by, could bear it no longer, and taking hold of our youth by the arm, they both hurried down the stairs, and soon were mixed among the common and insensible crowds of a busy metropolis.

## CHAPTER VIII.

But here I leave the general concern,  
To track or hero on his path of fame :  
He must his laurels separately earn.

BYRON.

TIME assuages many griefs and settles many old accounts. His flight changes many circumstances to active individuals, which are scarcely marked in the rolling year, and the following his course to distant points saves many details of the prose of life. Thus, while friends may be parted, and seas may be crossed, and foreign lands traversed, by those for whom we are interested, the venerable bearer of the scythe and sand-glass gradually fills the bosom with a new series of hopes and fears ; and, carrying the in-

dividual to new scenes of action, he, like poverty, makes man acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

Nearly two years had passed since the foregoing event, and the survivors of those with whom we have had chiefly to do were now divided by distance, and scattered in various parts of the world; as Time is apt to scatter the adventurous or the discontented. Seldom in life do men obtain that upon which they choose to set their hearts the strongest; and that large body of the Black Watch, whose keen attachment to their country and relatives had caused them to fly back to it in defiance of law and the will of their superiors, were now the most certain never to see it again: for, worse off than their comrades, who were mounting guard in the trenches in Flanders, they broiled under the sun of a torrid region, where scarce a blade of grass was to be seen to remind them of the flowery heath of their own country; and hopelessly sighed on that "far distant shore," which has ever been the horror and the dread of the Highlander. Even the wild wail of "Lochaber

no more," which they had raised on parting from the English coast, when sailing away to banishment, was drowned in the roar of the winds and the surge; as the stifled sob of mountaineer sentiment, and the bitter tear of Highland enthusiasm, will ever be lost or disregarded amid the heartless din of the world.

It was the beginning of May, in the year 1745, that the general body of the Black Watch were encamped as part of the great army of the allies on the level plains of Cambronn, in Flanders, and within a few leagues of the celebrated fortifications of Tournay, then closely invested by an advanced division of the French army. The Highland soldiers, tamed down as they were, by the routine formalities of military discipline, during a two years' residence in a foreign country, were now engaged in active preparations of various sorts; and, in common with the legions with which they were surrounded, there ran through them, from their colonel downwards, that restless excitement, and hopeful uncertainty, usually experienced by soldiers on the eve of an expected battle.

The scene around them was well calculated to stir up the spirits of men of less imagination than is known to belong to the enthusiastic offspring of the Fingalians. The present ground had been selected for concentrating the scattered divisions of the army ; and large bodies of troops, both infantry and cavalry, belonging to the different powers in alliance with the English, were still arriving and forming, in extended lines or regularly shaped masses, on the various points of this vast encampment. The whole plain seemed to glitter with arms, or to move in squadrons of military array ; while, if the eye could pass over the picturesque legions that occupied the ground nearest to the centre, and settle upon the sloping hills that bounded the view, instantly their green sides became alive with battalions : and, as the gazer contemplated the ant-hill swarms that clad their sides, vistas of tents seemed to spring up, as it were, out of the earth, and, studding the distant corn-fields with their taper shapes, to reach away to the horizon in endless regularity.

“This is a glorious sight, Campbell,” said a young officer of the forty-second to his friend, as the two stood, arm in arm, contemplating from a rising ground the stirring splendour. “By Heaven, it is well worth leaving England, to see even this scene. What must it be, then, when the whole army is engaged on the day of battle?”

“From experience I can tell as little as you,” said the other, with less admiration beaming in his eye; “and, in truth, we who have been in the Watch from its first muster in Glenlyon, have lingered so long in this dull country, and longed so anxiously for a grapple with the French, that nothing but a sight of the real *Monsieurs*, and the firing of hard ball instead of powder, will now give us any pleasure. You are a lucky fellow, Monro, to get your hand, as you are likely to do immediately, into actual battle, so soon after your joining the Black Watch: and that without ever having time to have your enthusiasm cooled by a summer ague in the flats of this damp country,

or even your hair frozen to the ground in your sleep, while enjoying the comforts of a winter encampment."

"I *am* fortunate, perhaps, all things considered," said Hector, with some pride, as he recollected that he was at last an actual subaltern in this honourable regiment; "but I shall think myself truly so, if this expected engagement gives me one opportunity that is most dear to my thoughts."

"Of distinguishing yourself against the French? Is that all?"

"Yes, *all*, as you say. God! if the day were but come!"

"The opportunity will be common to most of us, I suppose," said his friend, coolly; "that is, if the regiment is put well forward. But why should this be of so much importance to you? We have all our chance; and promotion in the army holds her way to a slow march, even with the best of us."

"But to me, sir, at present it is *every thing*," said Hector; "my hope, my life, my all depends upon it! You look astonished at my

animation ; no matter. The mouth will sometimes speak out of the abundance of the heart's thoughts."

" My dear Monro !" answered ensign Campbell, warmly, " I am really glad to hear you speak with this seriousness, after all, seeing how strangely it accords with certain thoughts of my own, which, to tell you the truth, have hung over my mind all the day, like a heavy cloud, even amidst the excitement of this splendid spectacle. You and I are young men. Our minds are fixed upon the approaching contest, with an anxiety for which, on your part, I can hardly account. And yet, in that very battle, one or both of us may happen to fall. Before we draw our swords, Monro, give me your confidence, as I have given you mine. Is it possible that, like me, your fancy runs madly after some Scottish maiden, whom you have left at home in our happy glens ?"

" No, Campbell—at least, if I do think of any, you have not hit upon the spot where she dwells—dwells, my friend, in loveliness and purity. Yes! and in high circumstances, such

as I dare hardly think of with the least hope. Yet I will tell you the truth; for your adjuration carries a solemnity in it which is almost ominous. And if the name of a lady slides into my tale, do not on this occasion treat it with a banter. There are some subjects on which I feel too seriously myself to suffer in others the least lightness of look or expression."

"Monro," said the other, grasping his hand, "give me credit for sufficient sense to know that there is a time for all things, and we are not now on the ramparts or in the mess-room. Young men may be light of heart, or foolish of tongue, for the getting over an idle hour, in camp or quarters; but we are Scotsmen, my friend,—ours is a thoughtful country; and all this military bravery and parade now before us ought not to blind us to the possible result of a few days or hours to either of us."

"All that your speech imports I feel," said Hector, "excepting what alludes to the fear of death, in the approaching battle; which I, for some unknown reason in my own consciousness, cannot sympathize with. Be the result, how-

ever, what it may, I am now in that peculiar situation which makes the old and vulgar "death or glory," more applicable to my case in the present campaign than I could at one time have imagined it could ever be. The romance of life may be the most exciting, but it is seldom, I suppose, the most happy portion of it. That, however, as you know, has thrown a painful mystery over my birth and connexions; while the same poetical power, I think, has at several times brought me in contact with those who are far removed from any sphere in which *I* could aspire to move. Among others, a form and face, such as I had little right even to look upon, became linked to my fancy ever since I wandered in green youth, filling my own soul with imaginative regret, upon the rugged hills of Breadalbane. When I became a man, and it was my duty to put away childish things, I tried to forget this image of my dreams, and almost succeeded. But when life's perplexities began to come upon me, at the very moment when hope and hap seemed to have cast me from them, this angel of my secret thoughts came

like a messenger from heaven, and delivered me on the instant out of the hands of my enemies.

“What did she give me to do,” continued Hector, “to testify my gratitude, and to show myself a true knight, lowly as I was, who worshipped her at a distance as Incas do the sun? She sent me to the great and the powerful, to whom also she gave me introduction, and that, for the saving of the lives of my special friends, whose lives were almost as dear to me as my own. I went to do her bidding, with a light heart and high hopes. I swore I would succeed, or never look in her divine countenance again; but the world and its law were too strong for the efforts or wishes of hearts like ours; and when all my anxieties and hopes were terminated by the dreadful tragedy in the Tower of London, I thought I should have gone mad; for my heart was too strong to burst, like that of the unhappy sister of my beloved early friend, M’Naughton. I ran from the scene in an insane frenzy; I was *obliged* to fly, I knew not whither; for my indefatigable enemy, the son of Lord Lib-

berton, having learned that I had once been employed in some jacobite communications, sent a second time the corrupt minions of political suspicion and the ruthless hounds of the law after me, and I was obliged to hide myself in obscure dens and discreditable outlets near the English metropolis, to save myself from being cast into a prison.

“While in this low and miserable condition, lurking in the neighbourhood of Highgate and Hornsey, afraid almost to look upon the sun, to breathe the common air, or to make the common use of my own limbs, what was my distress and horror to learn, that my attached friend and patron, the laird of Glenmore, had been hunted out from the hospitable house of Duncan M‘Allan of Islington; and, being charged with jacobite conspiracy, and I know not what, was thrown into an unwholesome prison by the side of the city sewer, where unfortunate men have long been subjected to the greatest cruelties. • At first I would have hastened at once to try to save him by my own evidence; for I knew he was not only innocent, but a ra-

tional peace-maker between the discontented and the government. But poor Dougald M'Evan, my attached gilly, brought me a strong injunction from the magnanimous chief to stay where I was, until the storm should blow past ; for that the law, which is the Englishman's boast, would, in the hands of those who live by its perversion, trick me into some snare that might end in my ruin.

“ I may not tell you,” Hector continued, “ what I suffered at this time : myself, and my friend, the chief of Glenmore, reduced to penury, at least for the time, and I lingering out the weary hours of voluntary confinement in the mean dwellings of the poorest of our countrymen. But blessed be that spirt of nationality or clan-ship, or by whatever name the principle may be called, which opens the heart of man to his brother man ; and, in spite of the trained selfishness to which he is educated in artificial life, bids the warm and glorious feeling of sympathy gush forth, in circumstances of sorrow and of trouble, to cheer the drooping heart of the unfortunate, and prevent his swearing hatred to

his own species. I then lived with a poor Highlander from Angusshire, who, fleeing from confiscation and ruin in the north, for obedience and fidelity to the man whose bread had been eaten for centuries by himself and his fathers, had settled on the borders of Hornsey wood. How shall I speak of the ardent sympathy and homely kindness of this simple Gael, at a time when sickness had unsettled my nerves, and parching fever, brought on by late anxieties, drank up my strength, and boiled the blood in my veins ! I cannot tell you of it, but I can tell you the result, by which you will see, that if man in this present world is often cunning in distressing his fellow-man, he is sometimes also, blessed be Heaven ! ingenious in detecting the secret sources of sorrow ; and, even in the person of a poor Highlander, delicate and adroit in finding out the means of relief.

“ What is the hardest thing to bear in the world ? Is it not mortified pride ?—the taking down and ruining manly aims, the crushing, under the weight of poverty and obscurity, the indomitable spirit of youthful acti-

vity? Besides this, Campbell, I had dared to love. Yes! I, a poor outcast, or orphan dependent, had dared to idolize a baronet's daughter. Was this craziness, or was it nature? God knoweth! Yet nature, like death, levels all distinctions, and, with her image in my mind, even the insanity of fever was delightful. What will you have? I am not talking of romance, I am talking of experience; and yet even now, when I think of it, it seems like one of those pleasing pictures of the fancy which men invent to help to dissipate the languid hours of the idle, or, from the minds of the careworn or the lowly to banish for a moment the sad realities of life."

"Go on, my friend," said Campbell; "pray go on."

"I had almost lost, in the convulsive delirium of sickness, the identity of the little room in which I slept. It was poor and mean, and the roof was low, and a large black beam lay across it, and on the beam was a hook, on which in my dark reveries I used to fix my glazed eyes in gloomy and foreboding horror; and yet I

felt that I lay in comfort, and that the bed on which I turned was soft; that the cottage was as quiet as the cell of a hermit, and that kind faces sometimes looked in mine; and I heard feet tread softly round my little bed, and then I looked up, and the beam on the roof seemed no longer black and riven, and the ominous hook was gone, and I thought my own breath did not burn me so, and my eyelids did not seem so thick and so heavy to lift; and I began to dream pleasing dreams, and, in particular, I thought that a little Scotch maiden, who was the confidential attendant of her I loved, seemed to pass backwards and forwards between my sight and the narrow single window, which let the summer light into my room.

“ One evening I lay with closed eyes, reasoning with myself whether all that I had dreamt were only mere phantoms of my fancy, or whether reality had helped out the pleasing illusions of my brain, for I now became sensible that even Helen herself became mixed with my visions. I opened my eyes and looked round. I thought some form interrupted the dim green

light, that streamed towards me from the little window. A face met my gaze, that I could not bear to look upon, for I did not like that dreams should come like an unlooked-for and unnatural apeing of reality ; yet the face was too angelic for me altogether to turn from. I looked again, and I knew the blue eyes, and the modest smile, and the fair locks, which, like clusters of the vine on tendrils of gold, hardly shaded the light from that lovely face. This was no dream ! for I heard the figure breathe, and almost felt the warm respiration on my chilly cheek. It was not mere fancy ; for, as she met my fixed look, a blush seemed to rise over the brow of her on whom I gazed. I was awake—almost in heaven—for I knew the face to be that of Helen Ruthven !

“ You now know all that I might tell you. You know what woman’s love may do ; and love may be as pure as the dew that fills the cup of the hawthorn blossom, and yet sit by the bedside of the sick and the sad. I tell you, Campbell, she loved me, even in the midst of sadness and misfortune ; and this is my pride and my

consolation now, should I leave my heart's blood on that warlike plain before to-morrow's sun sets. You would not have me tell you how she encouraged me to hope, not in her, but in fortune, who seemed to have deserted me. You are aware that it was the interest of Lord Gosport that at length procured me this commission; but you may not be aware that Lord Gosport is the friend and godfather of her whom I worship in spirit. Nay, more :—that excellent nobleman, when I was perfectly recovered, and at length bore the commission of an officer in the Black Watch, introduced me formally to the baronet, her father, and I was not even destitute of a share of his favour. But his eagerness to wed my Helen to my mortal enemy, Crombie of Libberton, has cost her and myself many a sleepless night. And now for the point of my anxiety to distinguish myself in the approaching battle. Can you tell the tale of man's disposition, or solve the mystery of his strange predilection? Next to pride of birth, and pride of wealth, military achievements and personal bravery are the idols which the baronet

is pleased to worship. Aside from jacobite sentiments and national discontent, so greatly does he admire the Highland character, and glory in deeds of knightly prowess, that the latter would, in his mind, almost make up for all the former; and, should fortune favour me in this respect now, and the campaign end in national and individual glory, even my unknown love for his daughter would neither be considered presumptuous nor absurd, and the nameless orphan might almost dare to hope. Yet, one thing more I must now, in the midst of my confessions, express; for, flattering as is the other part of my tale, it lies heavy at my heart. But, hark! there is the trumpet again. We are interrupted now. See you they hasten to the colonel's tent, and we must follow. If it is worth while to explain my feelings farther to you, we shall have time perhaps on another occasion, before we get among the bullets of the enemy."

## CHAPTER IX.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men  
To wield them in their terrible array.  
The army, like a lion from his den,  
Marched forth with nerves and sinews bent to slay.

BYRON.

THE great continental war of 1741—45, which ended, as far as England was concerned, with the celebrated battle of Fontenoy, took its rise, as the reader is doubtless aware, from one of those ordinary occurrences, which the common course of nature, or the most trivial events, must always be apt to bring about, for the agitation of nations and the disturbance of the peace of the world. To the disputes about the succession to the imperial throne, upon the death

of Charles the Sixth,\* which brought forward the rival claims, among others, of his daughter, Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, and Charles Alfred, elector of Bavaria, to that dignity, we have already had occasion briefly to allude. These, as are well known, laid the foundation of this brief but destructive war, into which England was drawn, deeply to her cost, not only as an ally, or for the protection of a petty electorate, but, as usual in her interference in continental disputes, as a principal, in the expenditure both of men and treasure.

Into the causes which led England to take a part so prominent in disputes so remote, and questions of policy and ambition so intricate, and often so irrational, it is not necessary that

\* The emperor ought to have considered the value of his life, to the repose of Europe, when he knew he was the last prince of his line, and that his death would be, as it turned out, the beginning of convulsions. And yet he could not restrain his appetite, to the peril of the empire. He killed himself by a surfeit at an entertainment, namely, by eating too freely of a dish of mushrooms, and thus brought the empire almost to ruin.

we should enter. An old war is like an old fashion, which is thought wonderfully fine in its day ; but which, excepting for the fate of interesting individuals, when fairly *out*, and placed at a distance, its very splendour looks somewhat quaint and tawdry, and the reasons employed in its temporary justification are exceedingly apt to appear paltry or absurd. That England and France sought to rival each other in that day, by playing the patron to poorer states, is nothing remarkable, when we know that nations have their passions as well as individuals ; and, that men should act uniformly from reasonable motives is too much to expect of human nature. Besides this, nations, like individuals, may have their own selfish views, even in the midst of their apparent generosity ; and as pride in both cases is an expensive passion, and the setting of the world right an arduous undertaking, it is little to be wondered at that a proud people and a wilful king, as was the case with England, should have found in the end that they had spent their money and their energies to very little purpose.

Nevertheless, war is, in reality, a fascinating game, a splendid pageant; and, though getting out of fashion in latter days, the memory and the fancy still recurs with interest, if not with fondness, to those stirring scenes, wherein our fathers fought and bled, and which, after all, form the brilliant, though they are the bloody, if not melancholy, pages of history.

To recur, however, to a few leading particulars. On the death of the emperor of Germany, not only the elector of Bavaria and the queen of Hungary, as we said, but Augustus, king of Poland, as elector of Saxony, and Philip the Fifth of Spain, as a descendant of Maximilian by the female line, laid each their claim in chief to the disputed dignity. But this was nothing to the quarrels and contentions that arose, or were revived in the lesser states, by this important event. For, every petty duchy, electorate, or principedom, began to look into obsolete treaties and forgotten genealogies, to seek for claims upon each other, or the empire, while dubious rights were discovered and

argued ; princes and diplomatists talked of nothing but reason and justice ; and the cause of crowned heads being deemed both sacred and elevating, every one who could read a newspaper thought himself honoured by entering into the dispute, while the cry was swelled and extended to the utmost corners of Europe.

That England should take a part in these contentions, was both natural, and as reasonable as public quarrels generally are.

Nor was it to be expected that the English people, who think they can do any thing by means of money, should have been able to keep gold quiet in their pockets, while men were talking of rights and justice all over the continent. Accordingly, she took a heavy part in the war, subsidized needy states, and paid Hessian and Hanoverian mercenaries, made fine speeches about rights and justice in parliament, and now the result figures as it may in the pages of history.

In the midst of the din of words at the commencement of the war, one man of vigour arose, from a quarter whence no trouble was expected,

and, by an effectual irruption into the German empire, changed almost entirely the face of affairs. This was the celebrated Frederick of Prussia, then lately come into the rule of his kingdom. The king of France had also his claim to the empire; but, it suiting his views rather to be the umpire and the patron than a principal in the contest, he joined with the young king of Prussia and the king of Poland, against Maria Theresa, and in favour of the elector of Bavaria, now called Charles the Seventh, and a proclaimed emperor, who had no subjects.

The turns the war took after its commencement, the powers that engaged, and the reasons for their doing so, might well justify the idea of Voltaire, that this, like some others, was, in reality, a civil war among kings; wherein Europe might be considered a great republic, and the balance of power a theoretical notion, which helped to add some general principle to individual disputes.

Before it was over, the new emperor, whose cause had been the plea for all this contention, died at Munich, in his forty-eighth year, in

debt, poverty, chagrin, and disease—a melancholy example of the occasional wretchedness of great station, and the humiliation and infelicity that may be brought on by irrational ambition. This event helped to change both the parties and the views of the war; nevertheless, it still raged in its new phases with increased violence, notwithstanding that Maria Theresa had satisfied Prussia; for, as in this world evil is more prolific than good, the effect spread, and continued after the chief cause had ceased to exist.

The present campaign was the one which, as before observed, ended the war to England and her allies. What its immediate object was, (if the parties themselves understood it,) seemed, on the part of the French, to be, to invade Flanders, and take its fortified towns, for the national glory; and, on that of the allies, to protect that narrow stage of continental bloodshed, and humble the pride of France, who, with her usual vanity, presumed to arbitrate in the affairs of European states. Louis the Fifteenth was an imposing monarch. Determined to act on the offensive in Flanders, he meant to honour the

army with his own presence. He had one of the best generals of his age, Marshal Saxe, to conduct the war. No wonder that the eyes of all Europe were turned with interest to the approaching battle.

In the morning, the whole collected army began to move in two immense columns along the plain from Cambroon towards Tournay, then besieged by the French, and which it was the object of the allies, if possible, to relieve. The time of the year was the very youth and richness of summer. The fields were green, and the corn almost ripe; and it was melancholy to Hector and his Gaelic companions, to see the "heartly grain" trampled down and destroyed by legions of horsemen and infantry. Yet, by the force of discipline, and the vigilance of the Duke of Cumberland, this march was conducted with admirable regularity. Not a single wheeled carriage was suffered to mix with the battalions of the army; and the numerous trains of artillery, belonging to the different powers, with the immense mass of waggons, filled with baggage and ammunition, formed a moving

mass behind the army, that looked like a cloud of noisy locusts, overspreading and destroying the fertile plains of the Netherlands. On all this parade the simple Belgian farmers looked with silent execration, or fled in terror from the warlike multitude. In front, the Dutch troops were employed to drive the French outpost parties from several villages, in which they lurked for observation and annoyance, or to clear the woods of the mounted chasseurs ; and this service they performed, with little mercy to those of their peasant countrymen, who also were thus driven forth from their homes, to make way for the ravages of military cohorts. Forming part of this column, and protected by strong parties of cavalry, squadrons of pioneers, with shovels and axes, hastily repaired the roads over which the trains of artillery were to pass ; and, placed among the first of the great column, the thoughtful Highlanders of the Black Watch were allowed to beguile the toils of the march by an occasional strain of their own bagpipe, or by singing or repeating in groups among themselves stirring snatches of Gaelic songs, to

animate them by the thoughts of their own country.

At length, as the long summer's day drew to a close, the army was gratified by a sight of the ancient and dark bastions of Tournay, while the occasional roar of the distant cannon, and the more appalling glare of burning hamlets and villages, whose smoke, rising frequently in the calm evening sky, gave many indications of the fatal realities of war. Along with this, straggling parties of homeless peasantry were often seen flying over large fields of trampled corn, being driven from their dwellings by the barbarous wantonness of their own countrymen, it being the practice of the Dutch troops, after clearing the villages of the French outposts, to set fire to the tenantless houses, and, passing on, to leave them burning, as blazing beacons to the coming army.

With the exception, however, of a little skirmishing in the left distance, while dislodging the enemy from a place called Leuse, the day had passed over in the calm murmurs of a long march ; and at near sundown, on a fine still

evening, a halt was commanded, as the columns of the army spread along a series of undulating heights, overlooking the valley of Fontenoy. This pleasant rural valley, with its quiet hamlets and winding road, lay as still between the two armies, as if the confused tramp of battle were never to destroy its rich fields of ripened corn, that now waved in the evening breeze. Its small stream, almost dry with the summer heat, stole as softly over its white pebbles at the bottom of the hollow, as if never destined to run thick and murky with human blood; and beyond it, the quaint spire of Fontenoy church rose as clear and taper into the calm sky, as if never destined to witness the horrors of human carnage; or as if its sanctity was never to be disturbed by the loud huzza of yelling war, and the deep groan of slaughtered thousands passing into an eternal world.

The whole scene, as it now lay in the view of Hector and the other sentimental mountaineers of the Watch, was still and impressive. Beyond the valley, and partly concealed by a wood to the right, the conical tops of the French

tents could be seen, interrupting the clear line of the horizon, as the army lay encamped on both sides of the Scheldt, which swept away in a crescent bend behind Fontenoy. Further on, the distant gleams of the river in the evening sun, were lost beneath the broad glacis of Tournay, only about four miles distant, and the turrets of that ancient city mixed as softly with the tints of day, as if no hostile army at this moment invested its walls.

Each regiment now composing the array of the allies was permitted to rest where its bivouac happened; and soon fires began to be lighted along the whole line, and camp-kettles to be in requisition: haversacs were rummaged by hungry men, a busy communication took place with the bread-waggons in the rear, and the whole army was formed into groups on the turf, or among the corn, and began to enjoy its evening meal. The videts being next posted in the valley, and other arrangements made for the night, Hector and the other officers of the Watch, having received no orders excepting to rest upon their arms, concluded that another

day at least would pass before any engagement ; and, wrapping themselves in their plaids, betook themselves to sleep.

A few hours after sunrise on the following morning, the Black Watch and the neighbouring squadrons, which formed the avant-guard of the army, observed signs of activity on the opposite heights, which gave warning of some coming movement. From along the margin of the wood, that stretched away to the right, as well as over a green rising ground near the town, there issued several squadrons of light cavalry, which, descending forward, scoured with picturesque audacity the long sweep of the valley. After them several detachments of infantry slowly emerged from the wood, and, preceded by a staff of mounted officers, seemed to disappear among some concealed hollows of the valley. Presently a galloping of aides-de-camp took place along the line of the British, and soon, to the great joy of Hector, the Black Watch was ordered to be in readiness to aid in clearing the plain of the concealed infantry, and in covering a reconnoitring party, which was to

consist of the Duke of Cumberland himself, accompanied by the highest chiefs of the army. By such movement it was intended that this Highland Scotch and still somewhat suspected regiment should have its loyalty put fairly to the test, by being brought in contact with the enemy immediately under his own eye. The Highlanders received this order with joyful animation, for, though a gloomy sense of their own wrongs in the persons of their executed comrades still lurked with bitterness at the bottom of their hearts, yet mountaineer pride and chivalrous feeling came in aid of their reluctant loyalty, and they were determined to show what, as soldiers, they were able and willing to perform.

Scarcely had they unfurled the Scottish standard, accompanied by another body of gentlemen called the Queen's free regiment, with a large detachment of pioneers and twelve squadrons of horse, under the command of General Campbell, than, as they marched down the hill, their eyes were greeted by an interesting sight to a soldier. This was the commander-

in-chief himself and his whole staff and coadjutors in the war, consisting of the princes and marshals of the allied army, whom it was the proud duty of the Highlanders and Queen's regiments to protect on their reconnoitring expedition.

Foremost past their line came the duke himself; a large man with the fair round face and full eyes of his family, clad in the wide-sleeved scarlet coat of the time, and a small three-cornered laced hat, bravely crowning a comely white periwig. In common with most of his friends, the duke wore the large horseman jack-boots in which Charles the Twelfth seemed to take such pride; and he was mounted on the same tall grey horse, which, in the following year, carried him in the sanguinary field of Culloden. The simple mountaineers looked with admiration upon this brother of royalty, as men do upon a god of their own making; but he had not then acquired in Scotland the ugly appellation of Bloody Billy, for his calculating cruelty, in the hour of vic-

tory, to the friends and countrymen of those very Highlanders, who, on the present occasion, did him such good service.

Beside the duke rode the Dutch prince Waldeck, whose short square figure appeared in a tight coat of dark blue, turned up with white, his breast well studded with stars and orders; and on the other side of the commander-in-chief, the swarthy countenance of the old Count Konigseck, the venerable representative of the queen of Hungary, and chief of the Austrians then in the field, appeared under a low round helmet of burnished brass; which, with white body-coats and long breeches, afterwards known in England by the name of pantaloons, formed the general costume of his German legion. Besides these personages, there was the Hanoverian general, Zastrow, dressed in green and black; the Hessian general, Legonier, in the picturesque costume of his noble cavalry; General Ingoldsby, afterwards destined to play a downright Marplot part, together with the English Lord Albamarle, and the Scotch Earl Crawford, who had fought under Prince Eugene on

the banks of the Danube. All these, together with their numerous suites and aides-de-camp formed an assemblage which well might excite the attention of the admiring Scotchmen.

The drum beat, as soon as this interesting cavalcade had passed, and down moved our Highlanders into the hollow. Scarcely had they crossed the dry rivulet, when a large body of the enemy's cavalry showed their light blue uniforms over the rising ground to the left of Fontenoy, and, sweeping down the face of the height, until they edged the wood, wheeled round and came rattling up the hollow. The front division halted nearly in front of our detachment, and ranged themselves in audacious defiance, as if for the protection of a body of infantry which now showed itself, as the Highlanders came close upon the ravine. The Hessian hussars and English dragoons, under the command of General Campbell, now descending in two divisions to support their infantry, the Black Watch, increasing their pace to that rapid trot which is their favourite movement on their own hills, soon perceived the whole road and ravine

lined with light troops, in such a manner that, had their colonel permitted them to rush in upon their enemy as they wished, their own impetuosity might have had the most dangerous effects. A loud hurra now rose upon the right; and, the cavalry rushing past, after discharging a volley among the French horsemen, the latter gave way, and leaving the infantry to their fate, galloped off up the centre of the valley.

With joy now the Black Watch got the word to fire, which they did with a steadiness that had a sure effect; and, having smelt gunpowder for the first time, volley after volley passed between them and the enemy, with a rapidity that seemed but to add to the eager excitement of the attack. A few shots now came booming from the distant batteries of Fontenoy, tearing up the earth in front of the Highlanders, and under cover of which the French infantry fell back, and, part climbing the ravine, began to return towards the village. To have allowed the Highlanders to follow would have been the height of impru-

dence; and scarcely had they been marched to more level ground, when another body of the French appeared behind the hedge-rows by the banks of the stream: these they drove back with the same gallantry as before, though now exposed to a species of fire, at that time much of a novelty in the practice of war.

As they marched on, following the enemy through thick fields of waving grain, an irregular and murderous fire issued from some unseen enemy in the corn, which all the vigilance of the Highlanders could not elude. This was from an imperfect formation of the corps afterwards called sharp-shooters, but then known by the name of grassins, from their laying among the grass, and taking off prominent individuals from their concealment. But the Black Watch were too well accustomed to the patient manœuvres of deer-stalking in their own country to be outdone by the French green-coats, for it was upon this occasion that a Highlander, unable to get "a pop" at his hidden enemy, stuck his bonnet on the top of a stump in the corn, which the grassin firing at repeat-

edly, supposing it to be a man, the Gael hid himself in turn, and was soon enabled to bring him down.

A dash of the French cavalry in front of the Highlanders, now enabled their infantry to draw gradually off; and the reconnoitring cavalcade coming up as the smoke cleared away, the duke himself took off his hat, and waving it round his head, answered, with a strong compliment to their bravery, the loud cheer of his gallant Black Watch. Delighted with the issue of this rapid skirmish, the commander would have galloped on almost to the batteries of Fontenoy, but old Count Konigseck and others, representing the danger even from the numerous grassins still concealed in the corn, his highness was persuaded to keep to the bottom of the valley; and soon, the flying squadrons of the French having been completely cleared from the plain, the drum beat again, and the whole detachment returned with pride towards the main body of the army.

As evening again drew on, it was evident, from the movement of cannon towards the front,

and other preparations along the lines, that the following day was fixed for the decisive event. The army again rested on their arms, but though the men lay under the clear canopy of heaven, the result of the coming struggle dwelt too anxiously on the minds of many to permit them to sleep. "In the midst of life we are in death," say the solemn words of the service; and never does this truth come home more strongly to the bosoms of the most courageous than in the stillness of private thoughts on the eve of a great battle. The near chance of death drives us strangely into a review of the events of past life, and Hector had as little occasion to congratulate himself as most men, when engaged in the same melancholy survey. To him, a loose pebble on the world's rugged shore, the swallowing wave of death appeared with no great dread, compared to life without honour and without enjoyment. Honour he associated with some station among men; enjoyment, earthly bliss, with hope, success, and perhaps Helen Ruthven. Could he, in the morrow's battle, be enabled to distinguish himself

by any remarkable act, the foundation might be laid for all he wished. Before Helen, at least, it would enable him to appear with pride, and to her haughty father it would be the highest recommendation. Yet this very day, even in the moment of proud triumph, a sight had met his eye, which had shot a damping effect upon the illusion of hope, such as we often feel in attempting to look down the vista of the future. The sight was that of his old enemy Crombie, whom he to-day had for the first time observed as having joined the army, and already shining in the broad gold lace of a captain-lieutenant in the queen's regiment, and no doubt there with the same intentions as himself. As he pondered on this unexpected rivalry, the many advantages of the pedestal of rank struck that chill to his hopes that they have ever done to unaided merit.

This brought him back with a bitter pang to that painful subject which still clouded his fortunes; namely, his uncertain birth and orphan condition, which, among a people with whom name and kin were almost every thing,

presented a constant and intrusive disadvantage. Dark night and the stillness around seemed to deepen the melancholy of these thoughts, when they were interrupted by Lieutenant Campbell, who, troubled in mind about his own matters, had stolen round to hold some counsel with his friend.

“Do you believe in presentiment, Monro?” said the former seating himself confidentially on the grass beside him. You will tell me no—for, infidelity being a garment fashionable to wear at the court of George the Second, its tails must extend even over the Highland hills. Yet I have a presentiment, that to-morrow is to be an important, perhaps a fatal day both to you and to me. I see you smile, but if I die, and you reach Scotland, I charge you to deliver this token of my dying love to ——”

“Give it tongue, Mr. Campbell; every young man in the camp this night feels that he has a lady love in some distant home.”

“I love her not the less that she belongs to a poor chief, now, I fear, in no good predicament. Can you not guess her to be the

youngest daughter of Evan M'Evan, of Glenmore?"

"God preserve you, Campbell," said Hector, with emotion, as he put the token carefully in the tasselled sporan that hung before him. "I hope poor warm-hearted Marian M'Evan will not lose you as her sister lost my unfortunate friend, Malcolm M'Pherson. As for me," he went on after a pause, "I dare not venture a token to one who is too high for me even to think of; and if I am shot on yonder fields to-morrow, why, who is there, of either kith or kin, name or lineage, to care for me?"

"Strange it is, and sad enough," said Campbell, "how some should be so unhappy for want of fathers, and others for want of sons. You remind me of a scene, that I witnessed three years ago at Dunkeld, wherein a baronet of Scotland and a general in some foreign army, was almost distracted, inquiring in vain for an only son, whom, under some uncommon circumstances, he suspected to have been taken from his lady, in infancy, and who was sup-

posed to be alive, though reported to be dead. It was a strange story that I cannot properly detail ; but if you had seen the agony of that melancholy gentleman, upon the losing of some fancied clue to his inquiries after his son, you would think less hardly of your own condition."

" But where had the baronet lost his son ?" said Hector, suddenly struck with his friend's story—" or where had he been seeking for him ? "

" He thought he had traced him to Inverness," replied Campbell ; " but there he lost him again, and he was then in pursuit of some suspected person, to whom the child had been intrusted when an infant. Good God ! Hector, what affects you so ? A sudden thought comes into my mind. Surely this is no vain fancy. Did you ever hear of General Sir George Lamont ? "

" Lamont—the name is familiar to me, yet I know not why," said Hector, his heart beating quick, " but I cannot think—"

" Were you ever at Inverness ? You never told me you were there."

“ I *was* at Inverness. I was when a boy—and——”

“ Gracious powers ! listen to me and I’ll tell you all I know—but hark ! what bustle is this?—Heavens, what a glare of light !”

They looked around, and saw on the instant the flames bursting from the houses of the little village of Veessont, almost in the centre and front of their position ; some soldiers, in the wantonness of war, having set it on fire, while the commander-in-chief and his generals were at supper in their tent. A bustle now rose in this part of the bivouac, and, before Campbell could say another word, the friends were interrupted by a summons to the left battalion of the Black Watch, to rouse in silence and proceed immediately to join the outposts in the plain, as a party of observation upon the movements of the enemy, in consequence of the alarming light of the burning hamlet.

As Hector descended again into the valley, his thoughts, for a time, were more taken up with the import of the strange communication of his friend than even with the exciting nature of

his duty. But the care of his men during their hasty tramp in the dark, over fields and among fences, now rendered more obscure by the light from the houses on fire, required all his attention, and he soon found other employment for his mind. As the party was halted towards the middle of the valley, and Hector got leisure to look around him, the midnight scene of solemn gloom, rather deepened and made picturesque by the moving glare of the flames, as they tinted with red the long rows of sleeping soldiery, and threw into fanciful shadow the distant heights of Fontenoy, might well affect an ardent imagination on the eve of the uncertain fatalities of battle. The quick tramp of the visiting outpost, and the low challenge of the sentinel, were the only sound near that disturbed the dull ear of night; and so perfect was the silence, that even the pattering of the hammers or other tools of the French in building their redoubts could be heard over the distant hum of some midnight stir in the French camp. This stir, as appeared from the accounts of several deserters now captured in

the valley, was occasioned by the artillery-men hurrying their guns and ammunition all night over the bridge from the opposite side of the Scheldt, on both banks of which the army lay encamped; for, as the king was expected in person on the field, the cautious German who commanded the French and Bavarians was taking every precaution, which science and long experience could dictate, to secure the success of a day, which might decide, perhaps, the fate of France.

The unheeded fire of the village now began to burn low; every thing remained quiet in the plain, and as day-break began to streak the east, Hector's party of the Black Watch were ordered back to their post, to wait in silence the expected movement.

## CHAPTER X.

The drums beat in the morning, before the screech o'  
 day,  
 And the wee wee fifes piped loud and shrill, while yet  
 the morn was grey;  
 The bonnie flags were a' unfurl'd, a gallant sight to  
 see,  
 But waes me for my sodger lad, that march'd to Ger-  
 manie. MOTHERWELL.

INDIVIDUALS never speak of their poor relations. Nations never speak of their defeats. This is the reason why so few in England know aught of the great and most picturesque engagement of Fontenoy.\*

\* This is also the reason why the writer found, among the brief and contradictory English accounts of that period, the greatest difficulty in obtaining a common understanding of the *rationale* of the battle he

At two in the morning of the 1st of May, 1745,—(if the foregoing reason may excuse some particularity in the events of a day, long after remembered by the widows it made and the tears it drew, and the subject of many a domestic song and story,)—two had just struck, and the gleaming sun had not

had undertaken to describe. Even the celebrated account of Voltaire, which the French writers, with the exception of Marshal Saxe himself, have chosen very much to follow, is a confused and romantic string of compliments to the French personages on the field; from which it is impossible to gather any correct idea, even of the position of the armies, and of the places named. That of the Earl of Crawford, who was present on the side of the allies, shows nothing so clearly as the incapacity and ill agreement of the leaders—to the destruction of the brave men thus sacrificed and their own everlasting dishonour. To obtain a plan of the ground, and of the position of the columns at the different stages of the engagement, was indispensable for any thing like clearness; but, for the reasons above-mentioned, this was not to be found in all the rich collection in the king's library; and even in the common library of the British Museum, that volume of the writings of Marshal Saxe, wherein scientific and satisfactory plans of the battle were subsequently discovered, namely, his own memoirs, was, as if purposely, omitted.

yet dispersed the morning mist that lay on the plain, ere the long string of lines composing the army of the allies began to show, along the sloping heights, an activity ominous of expected battle. Drums began to beat a hasty call in broken intervals throughout unseen miles where the squadrons had bivouacked ;—the tramp of horses next was heard on all sides, to which the wheeling of artillery, now hurried forward towards the front, added a murmur of stirring confusion ; while, above all, the clear note of the brazen trumpet came musically upon the ear from the distance, blowing at intervals on the early breeze, a loud breath of the coming war.

The French also, beyond the plain, were already astir, bringing forward their troops by a corresponding movement ; and ere five had tolled on the steeple of Fontenoy, few scenes could give a more exciting idea of the imposing and animating splendours of battle. Not a gun had yet been fired, to obscure the clear outline left by the dispersion of the mist ; and now the long masses of party-coloured legions, stretching line behind line, and rank beyond rank, appeared

like picturesque belts of shining splendour upon the green ground of the sod, their spiky arms glancing at every movement in the slanting sunbeams, like silver scales upon the fiery dragon of war. Though the front legions of the French only could yet be seen, on the opposite slopes the whole show of both armies, with a green interval in the bottom of the valley between them, had the effect of a regular but splendid confusion; and it was necessary for the eye to rest upon details in order to obtain a distinct idea, as well of the field of expected encounter, as of any specific portion of the pageant.

Looking across the plain from the spot where the allied army was posted, the foremost object was the small village of Fontenoy, nearly in the centre and somewhat in advance of the French position. This town stood excellently well for a front point of defence, and an object of contention to divert the energies of the allies; and accordingly, Marshal Saxe had caused it to be surrounded with redoubts in such a manner, as not only to make it most dangerous to approach, but an excellent cover for the operations of his army.

At the distance of about an eighth of a mile to the left of Fontenoy, that is, opposite to the right of the allied troops, a thick stunted wood, called the Bois de Barry, stretched away towards the Scheldt behind, and confined as well as protected the French position. To strengthen this point more, and to prevent the British forcing their way past Fontenoy, over the swelling ground between it and this wood, the marshal had not only filled the Bois with grassins and chasseurs, but erected two strong redoubts at its angle facing the village, so that it might be between these fires that it would be necessary to pass, to get fairly at the entrenched enemy. It was in this comparatively confined space, and partly exposed to this cross-fire, that the great struggle ultimately took place, as it was opposite to this point that the British and Hungarians were chiefly posted.

On the right of Fontenoy, and receding a little from it—that is, opposite to the left of the allied line, the position of the French was further strengthened and concentrated by another village called St. Antoine, which the wary

French marshal had burnt before the allies came up, in order to convert its blackened walls into suitable fortifications for the protection of his army. As, however, the space between this village, which covered his right flank, and Fontenoy in his centre, was much greater than that between the latter place and the wood at his left, the marshal had opened trenches the whole way between the two villages, and built three redoubts at equal distances in the space, to strengthen by their cannonade this intermediate defence; and thus, with the rows of artillery which this morning filled up the interstices, a line of cannon was drawn along the whole position, which well might appal an army less confident of victory than the British have always been. In addition to this, the approach to these defences was interrupted in the plain, particularly near the centre, by a deep and difficult ravine, which, together with the sloping nature of the ground, was well calculated to embarrass an attacking enemy.

With all these natural and artificial advantages on the side of the French and Bavarian

army, there was yet one thing against it which well might alarm the scientific caution of its great commander. This was, that it had the Scheldt in its rear, with only one bridge crossing it for a league and a half towards the camp before Tournay, which, in case of being obliged to abandon its ground, would have been nothing for the hasty passage of a large retreating army. No wonder, then, at the great pains the marshal had taken to fortify his front position, and to line with cannon the important bridge of Calonne; or his extreme anxiety for the safety of his army, and the important personages who were this day destined to join him in the field. Even on the farther side of the Scheldt, and rather beyond St. Antoine—that is, at the extreme right of his position—the marshal had raised a battery of long guns, which, firing across the river upon the left flank of the allies, succeeded afterwards in doing no inconsiderable execution. Near this battery, on a little rising ground, there stood a quaint-looking, ancient windmill, which, though not particularly lofty, was so situated as to be easily seen by the whole

army. This windmill, insignificant as it appeared, had something to do, as shall hereafter be seen, with the result of this important day. To these particulars it only remains to be added, on the part of the enemy, that on the top of the spire of Fontenoy, namely, in the advanced front and centre of his lines, Count Saxe had stationed an officer with a glass, to give him, by signals, constant intelligence of the movements of the allies.

On the side of the latter, but few words will suffice to give a general idea of their arrangements at the commencement of the action. The Black Watch being nearly in the centre, among what was called the avant squadrons, Hector and his companions were enabled to obtain a clear view of the imposing phalanx on each side of them. The left wing, led on by Prince Waldeck, was chiefly composed of Dutch infantry, formed in two long lines from St. Antoine to Fontenoy—the men dressed in white coats turned up with orange, large cocked hats, and orange cockades. These were protected at the extreme flank by the Austrian Hulans, or

lance-men, wearing dark green doublets with low brass helmets, surmounted by thick tufts of black bear-skin. The Dutch infantry were joined, nearly opposite to Fontenoy, by various squadrons, formed line behind line, composed of Hessian, Hanoverian, and Austrian infantry, whose dark green, white cloth, yellow and black dresses—the crimson Turkish trowsers of the Hungarians, the high scarlet caps of the chasseurs, and the steel helmets and breast-plates of the cavalry, mixed oddly enough with the scarlet coats, philebegg and targets, proudly worn by the Scottish Gael. Next to these centre battalions, of which the Duke of Cumberland himself took the command, the right wing of the army, led on by old Count Konigseck, was composed chiefly of English and Austrians, in two long lines, reaching nearly to the wood. The long-tailed scarlet coats and white sugar-loaf caps of the latter, variegated as their lines were with numerous standards and platoons of artillery, contrasted brilliantly with the picturesque dresses of the foreign cavalry, with which they were flanked and intermixed. To

give the names of the inferior commanders, now at their different posts, would only serve to perplex the reader; but this wing of the army, together with assistance from the centre, being destined to attack on the difficult space between Fontenoy and the wood, the Duke of Cumberland himself, Konigseck, and Albemarle, were either generally together, or, by means of their aides-de-camp, in constant communication.

At six, a single gun, fired from the extreme left, was the signal for the commencement of the action, and its blue smoke had scarcely dispersed in the clear morning air, when all the columns began to move down towards the bottom of the valley. The cavalry trumpets sounded, and their cohorts pranced proudly between the lines, the very horses seeming impatient for the charge; the artillery wheeled on in front and at the flanks of the regiments, with matches ready lighted; and several mortars behind these came rolling heavily down the hard ground on the face of the hill. The sound of a hundred drums rolling along the line, mixed with the clang of the trumpets to

animate to the attack. Nearly a hundred standards of different colours and, nations fluttered in the light breeze; and, as the whole moved forward, ere yet the confusion of the fight had spoiled their array, or mortal and unsightly carnage had swept the scythe of destruction among these gay legions, to dissipate in sulphury smoke, gore, and anguish, the splendid illusion of battle—Earl Crawford, in contemplating the scene after all his battles in Germany and on the Danube, exclaims—“ I never till this moment saw so fine a sight.”

At this period, as the army was going up to the attack, a loud shout was heard running along the French lines opposite, now partly hid from the allies by the swelling ground beyond the ravine, by the village in its centre, and by the projecting point of the wood. This magnificent and sonorous hurra! from a body of eighty thousand men, arose from a cause well calculated to give animation to chivalrous troops. It was a welcome to their king himself, who, together with the dauphin, a youth

of fifteen, and their splendid suite, were at this moment passing the bridge over the Scheldt, and coming in person on the field of battle. While this was going on behind, a small cavalcade could be seen moving in front of the French lines, which well might interest the eager observer. This was the celebrated Marshal Saxe himself, who, being afflicted with dropsy, and hardly able to move, was borne on a litter in front of his lines, and, feeble as he was, inspecting every thing with his own eyes.

The allied lines moved gaily on, and it was with feelings such as have been often attempted to be described, that Hector heard the word fire! run along the line of the advanced artillery, and was almost deafened by its stunning roar from right to left, while, a moment after, the long guns of the French began to boom from the redoubts round Fontenoy, and their balls to hiss past him, or to burrow in the earth at his feet. The whole line of French artillery in their front began to open their fire, as the Highlanders and their neighbouring regiments

again crossed the brook in the valley ; and when the shot began to thicken, and his view to be circumscribed by the smoke, and his companions to fall dead around him, while he and they were forced as yet to remain comparatively inactive, those thoughts which belong to an ambitious mind, made serious by the disadvantages of circumstances, crowded rapidly into his mind. If he could distinguish himself on this field, he thought, prospects which he was almost afraid to anticipate might yet be in store for him. If he should fall, his bitterest thought was, that he should die without a name, for the same strange fate which threw him on life as an orphan, seemed still to follow him to hide him from himself ; for, if his friend Campbell should die on this field, the unexpected secret that he was on the point of disclosing the other night would be buried with him, and in that case even success itself might be unavailing with the proud father of Helen Ruthven. These thoughts, however, soon became confused in the dim uncertainties of fate and the high excitement of battle, as the Black Watch were

led on to an attack upon the entrenchments of Fontenoy.

While this was doing in the centre, the duke dispatched General Ingoldsby on the right, with four regiments, to take possession of the wood of Barry, and, if possible, of the two redoubts, so well situated for galling the allied flank. But the crafty French allowed the brigadier to get close up to the wood, where their chasseurs and grassins were lying flat among the grass, before they discovered themselves. Starting up, when the English were almost upon them, their sudden and murderous fire threw his men into instant disorder; the long cannon of the redoubts being also at the moment pointed direct upon them. Falling back upon the cavalry, he sent to General Campbell for some cannon to play upon the redoubts. This brave general had scarcely undertaken to supply the artillery, when his head was carried away by a ball from the redoubts, and the detachments and their surviving leaders were thrown by this event into further confusion. A crossing in the orders, and a complication of misunderstanding

completed these disasters, and, after considerable delay, and the loss of many men, the brigadier finally retired from the wood without effecting his object, and the batteries continued to fire on.

The Black Watch, and other neighbouring squadrons, were now unfavourably situated, exposed to the incessant fire of cannon, and unable to get at the French infantry intrenched within the village, and posted beyond the ravine. As yet, their ardent valour was almost thrown away ; for, unable to use their broadswords and small arms, the only thing they were allowed to do was to march up towards the enemy to the sound of their own bagpipe, and pouring in a volley upon them, as near as they could, to clap down at full length on the sod, leaving the showers of shot to pass over them. This mode of fighting the French perceived from behind their trenches, with as much astonishment as they did the bare limbs and strange dresses of the hardy Gael. But Sir Robert Monro, their colonel, being a large fat man, never attempted to lie down with his men, from a reasonable fear of not being able to get up again ; and

thus, while all lay flat in the corn on each side of him, he stood in the centre of his regiment, with the colours behind him, exposed to such a fire, that, if every bullet, as king William said, had not had its billet, and seemed ordered by fate to keep this day away from his bulky person, he never would have stood thus perfectly unscathed, among the hail of death that whizzed around him.

In the mean time a tardy though well sustained attack was made along the left wing by the prince of Waldeck and his Dutchmen, against St. Antoine and the intrenched enemy, and their forts stretching between both villages. This, however, was not less ineffectual than those on the right; and now a large detachment of Dutch and Hanoverians were ordered to "run into" Fontenoy. This last body, in thick phalanx, marched up the slope pretty steadily, almost to the cannons' mouths; but, finding themselves received as they little expected, with a fire indeed that was truly appalling, they became alarmed, and, thinking themselves unsupported, while mowed down

by hundreds, they turned and fled hastily down the height, fairly overthrowing and trampling under foot a squadron that was marching to their assistance. "I never in my life," says General Crawford, "saw such a confusion!"

But no French cavalry being in the way to take advantage of this repulse, and the troops to the right and left remaining firm, a second grand attack was, after a time, made on the two villages and the line of intervening redoubts, almost the whole army coming close up under cover of above sixty pieces of artillery and eight mortars, and supported by flying squadrons of dragoons and lancemen. The field now presented to our enthusiastic hero an exciting spectacle. Even the air above the heads of the advancing combatants was filled with bombs, which, with their long trains, arose in successive circles out of the plain, and dropped like falling stars into the centre village. Marshal Saxe being at this moment with his aides-de-camp in the streets of Fontenoy, one of them fell and burst almost at his feet. But though the Dutch drew a second time close

to St. Antoine, and the Hanoverians and British, including the Black Watch, marched with a loud huzza up to the very muzzles of the cannon of Fontenoy, some of the allied squadrons hung back, and the more valiant were not suffered to pursue their advantage. The successive battalions were thus ultimately forced to retire, with such slaughter, particularly on the left, that one whole Dutch squadron was swept away by the cannon of St. Antoine, leaving only fifteen men to run back on the rear to tell the tidings.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, and hitherto the battle had chiefly consisted of attacks upon the fortified points of the enemy's position, which the Duke found himself unable to carry, while his brave men never could get opportunity of a fair struggle with the French infantry, who kept chiefly under cover of the heights beyond. Confident in their valour, and fearing that, if he tarried longer on the plain, his army would be destroyed by cannon-shot alone, he took the resolution of making no further attempts upon the redoubts, but of order-

ing his whole left wing to pass the ravine in front, and force their way on the French lines between Fontenoy and the wood. The battalions and their officers, British and Austrians, proceeded to obey this order with brave alacrity; although, in order to avoid the hollow way, they were obliged to pass close to the redoubts on the right. Towards the left of this wing, namely, near Fontenoy, where the hollow way deepened into the long ravine, the confusion and slaughter were dreadful as the men clambered up its front, for the cannon from the wood raked nearly its whole length. Nevertheless, in the midst of the fire and the blinding smoke, the bombardiers, as the artillerymen were then called, hauled up their cannon by such by-paths as they could find; and the Black Watch, though opposite to the most difficult bank, were among the first to scramble up the steep, and form on the other side in the face of the enemy. The squadrons composing almost the whole right wing of the army passed successively over this difficult ground, and, forming on the green height beyond in three

solid columns, each four deep, again began to move slowly and steadily forward. This great column, amounting to about twenty-one thousand men, was preceded by only six small pieces of cannon, with six more intermixed in the line. The regularity and bravery of this movement astonished the French, although effected under a cross fire-from the redoubts, that at times mowed down whole ranks of them, which were as rapidly filled up; and the body marched on to the sound of the stirring drum, and the animating scream of the Scots bagpipe from amidst the Black Watch, as if performing the leisurely evolutions of a review. In front the ground still rose, and beyond, under cover of it, were several columns of the French guards. The officers of the latter hearing the loud reports of approaching artillery, proposed among each other to advance and take the English cannon. Ascending with their grenadiers to the top of the rising ground, they were astonished on perceiving a whole army coming forward. A volley from a part of the English

line, together with the fire of the advancing cannon, brought about sixty of them to the ground, and, having no orders to attempt further, the Frenchmen hastened back in confusion to their former position.

Still this great column marched on, holding its fire until the more advanced regiments, namely, the English guards and the royal Scotch, &c., under Lord Albemarle, General Campbell, and General Churchill, a natural son of the famous Marlborough, arrived within forty paces of the French beyond the height, which they saw now ranged in line to oppose them. A cluster of French officers, dressed in splendid doublets of blue and gold, several wearing short embroidered cloaks on the left shoulder, according to the fanciful magnificence of Louis the Fifteenth's fashions, appeared in front; consisting of the Duke de Biron, the Counts d'Au-terroche and Chabannes, the commandant of the Swiss guards in his showy dress of many colours, and others; while several of the king's pages, in the sumptuous costume of the court, could

now be seen galloping along the field, carrying intelligence to his majesty of the progress of the engagement.

The allied column was now in advance of the cross-fire; the rage of the battle, and the roar of the canonnade was at this moment entirely behind them, and the absence of smoke in front and the regularity of the enemy's squadrons, enabled Hector to obtain a clear glance of the whole before him. Over the heads of the French columns in front of the British, and crowning a pretty height behind them, near an ancient sacristy, called the Chapel of our Lady in the Wood, the white and richly blazoned standard of France was seen floating before the green foliage of the wood, over as imposing a company as ever stood on a field of battle. This was his majesty, Louis the Fifteenth himself, in buckler and breast-plate, military Spanish cap and long feather, accompanied by the dauphin his son, in light blue, richly embroidered; the latter, surrounded by twelve noble youths, of about his own age, of the first families in France; and the whole present-

ing an array that well might, by the captivating illusions of high rank and splendour, reconcile the ardent imaginations of such as Hector and the Highlanders to the royal game of death and carnage. Behind them, Hector could see the boughs of the trees towards the Scheldt covered with persons, who, following the king and hanging on the French camp, had climbed to the highest branches to witness the battle.

The English generals, now somewhat in front, saluted the gay group of French nobility before mentioned, by taking off their hats. The Duke de Biron and the Count de Chabannes advanced and returned the compliment. The whole of the officers then returned to the head of their respective regiments, and the pause that followed all this courtly politeness had, to witnesses as well as actors in this scene, a strange and impressive effect.

Too gallant to be the first to begin the work of death, each seemed to wait for the other, when Lord Charles Hay, then a captain of the English guards, called out in French, "Gen-

tllemen of the French guard, fire.” One of the French counts before named, answered with a loud voice—as Voltaire relates the circumstance—“Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first.” Lord Charles then gave the word in English, “fire!” which beginning at the right, went rapidly along the line in divisions, and thus the running fire went on with terrific celerity.

Its effects were soon felt on the opposite ranks of these gallant men. At the very first fire, the two colonels of the Swiss guards and four of their officers, with seventy-five rank and file, dropped down. Eleven more officers were wounded in the same regiment, and in some of the neighbouring battalions nearly the whole of the front ranks were swept away, while the ears of the remainder were almost stunned by a running fire, which the survivors described afterwards as absolutely infernal. On still marched this great and compact triple line, firing regularly as it advanced with the steady coolness of a review day, and so close did they frequently come upon the

enemy's infantry, that, it being then the custom for English officers to carry canes, the French could see the majors laying them over the soldiers' muskets, to make them fire low and straight. Unable long to stand before this murderous column, the remains of the Swiss guards and of several other regiments successively abandoned their ground. New columns came up and attacked in succession, sheltering themselves often, while they fired, behind the heaped rows of their dead comrades.

But the great column still moved on, deepening and becoming more compact as it advanced, the men stepping over the dead bodies of their comrades, as they still boldly faced the enemy, and, whenever their men dropped, filling up the breach with a coolness as if individually emulous of expected death. Soon the open ground began to be narrowed by the projecting wood, and, afraid of being taken in the rear, the two extremes of the column folded back on each flank, this putting the whole into the form of a hollow square, open at the rear, now just above the ravine which the column had passed some

time before. The front still advanced like a thick beam of men, supported at the extremities by two strong pillars, and upon these, on each side, the successive charges of the French could make no impression. In vain did the Bavarian hulans, with their long lances and grim black costume, or the heavy Normandy dragoons, clad in steel breast-plates and pot helmets, with the fan-shaped feather in front, raise their startling huzza in the face of the Royal Scots, or breast up their horses to the points of the bayonets of the English guards. The same terrific fire was poured in among them; the same steady resistance met their successive charges; until, spent with continued efforts, and the flower of their officers, including the brave Duke of Grammont,\* being suc-

\* Voltaire relates that, when the French saw the English column just advancing, after crossing the ravine, the celebrated Marshal Noailles, seeing the Duke of Grammont going forward to meet it, said, "Nephew, we should embrace one another on the day of battle, perhaps we may not again see each other in life." They embraced with all the tenderness of affectionate relations, and the ardent emotion of Frenchmen. The

cessively cut down, they retired in dismay from a body of infantry that seemed absolutely impregnable.

Marshal Saxe now became seriously alarmed, and entreated the royal princes to repass the bridge for fear of the worst. But no representations could induce his majesty to move, although accounts now came in, that at Fontenoy the shot, deficiently supplied in the confusion of the morning, was all expended, and its numerous guns were only firing powder to keep up appearances. Every thing now, on the French side, wore the worst aspect, and a renewal of the disastrous day of Dettingen seemed almost inevitable. The youthful dauphin is said, at this crisis, to have drawn his sword, and to have only been prevented from joining in the charge, by the strongest representations of the value of his life to the French nation. Still, from courage or hope, the royal personages refused to move, although the shot from the

marshal went to report the state of the field to the king. When he returned to the scene the duke was dead.

British cannon, was coming so close as to sink into the ground at their feet, and to cover some of the royal attendants with earth; at which, say his complaisant courtiers, the courageous monarch was pleased, amidst all the danger, to laugh exceedingly.

Marhal Saxe, now weak as he was, getting mounted on his horse, with a quilted buckler of stitched taffeta fastened on his body, to protect him from the balls, and supported on each side by a man at arms, rode forward to try what could be done against the allied square, by the help of a brigade of Scotch and Irish, at that time in the French service, under Lord Clare, with some other regiments, hastily ordered from the St. Antoine side of the field, where the Dutch, by this time, were giving the French right but little trouble. The marshal rode about in dreadful anxiety, in the midst of the fire, directing every thing, and encouraging the bravery of the young French nobility; but though terrible charges were still made on every side by the flower of their chivalrous aristocracy, animated by the presence of their

king; though they again breasted with their horses the bayonets of the English, and though in one of these charges a whole squadron was cut in pieces in the midst of the British ranks, except fourteen troopers, who at one place broke through the entire column—eight of these last being killed before they got through the last line, and six only being made prisoners\*—and though prodigies of valour were performed, every vacancy in the ranks was instantly filled up, and the whole still moved forward, over numberless dead bodies, until they found themselves almost in the midst of the French camp.

\* These six men were sent back by the Duke of Cumberland on the following day, from regard to their bravery. In resisting this desperate attack, Voltaire tells (*History of the War of 1741*) that an English soldier drove his bayonet into the leg of the officer who headed the detachment, through the heavy hussar boot, with such violence, that he was unable to pull it out again; and the horse ran off with the bayonet sticking in its side through the unfortunate captain's leg, and the butt-end trailing on the ground. Maddened with pain, the animal galloped among the lines, the musket tearing open both wounds in such a manner, that both died in a little while after.

The battle now seemed won, and already, in the assurance of victory, the whole allied columns set up a shout of triumph, which was heard above the thunder of the cannon, even as far as the ramparts of Tournay, on which the Flemish soldiers had crowded, to obtain a distant view of the battle. Understanding the meaning of the hurra that was borne on the gale, they answered it with a corresponding shout, and then ran down to make a sortie on the besieging squadrons of French immediately underneath their walls.

The discomfited troopers of the French squadrons were now forced back in disorder to the very place where the king and his son were posted; so that, at one time, the two princes were actually separated by the dismayed crowd of soldiery that came tumbling in upon them in the terror of retreat. His majesty, however, showed no inquietude; and, either from courage or stupefaction, still refused to seek safety for his person by crossing the bridge. Marshal Saxe now sent orders to the Count de la Marck to evacuate his position in St. Antoine, and to

move back towards the bridge on the Scheldt, to favour his retreat, in case of disappointment in a last effort against the British columns. But the count, mortified at the idea of giving up his position to the tardy Dutch, who, though doing nothing now to assist the victorious English, were ready to take possession of his guns and turn them on his king the moment he abandoned them, dared to disobey. The day, however, seemed past hopes to the French, and even the artillery were now whirling in, in numbers, from the front of the field. Distracted with anxiety for his sovereign, the marshal sent a second order for the evacuation of St. Antoine, and dispatched another officer to command the blowing up of the windmill formerly mentioned ; a measure which had been previously arranged, as a general signal in case of retreat. But the miller, a poor man, throwing himself, with his family, on his knees before the officer, begged he would not destroy his mill, as it was all he depended upon for bread. The officer hesitated, both from humanity to the miller and the natural unwillingness of a

Frenchman to give to brother soldiers so unwelcome a signal; and the parley caused by this simple circumstance afforded those few minutes of time, during which fate chose to wave her omnipotent wand, to the entire changing of the destiny of the battle.

From some extraordinary infatuation or incapacity, the Duke of Cumberland, at this time far in the rear of the victorious column, stood looking on, unsuspectingly, at the empty powder-firing from the French redoubts, and never sent a single one of his reserve squadrons either of infantry, to take the village now exhausted of ammunition, or of cavalry, or other support, to that brave body who were now fast gaining him the battle. The front line of the great square, therefore, seeing themselves in the middle of the French position, halted, and began to imagine they had proceeded too far. Looking frequently behind for a sight of their own dragoons, to aid them against the incessant attacks of the troopers, the officers receiving no orders, and the victorious men no support, they began to look at each other with a blank un-

certainty ; near five thousand of those who originally crossed the ravine being by this time dead on the field behind them.

At this moment, while Marshal Saxe looked impatiently towards the mill for the concerted signal, and suffered the most dreadful apprehensions lest he should not only lose the battle, but lest the royal hopes of France themselves should fall into the hands of their enemies, the Duke of Richelieu, a familiar favourite of the king's, proposed to his majesty to try the effect of four of the field-pieces, then coming in from the front, upon the angle of the great English square ; " for," said he, " should we be able to break the columns there, and throw the square into any disorder, if we come upon it vigorously with your majesty's household troops, and attack simultaneously in other places, I'll lay my life that the day is our own still."

In a short time the four cannon were brought to the proper spot, and, being pointed with accuracy, completely shot away the close-wedged angle of the square, making a double breach

clear through it even in the opposite side. This mode of attack was so unexpected, and its effects so appalling,\* at this moment of alarming uncertainty, that the men hesitated to step into those frightful gaps, instant destruction appearing to be the penalty. The French household troops, hitherto forming the reserve in the rear of his majesty, now advancing with fury, rushed into the breach like a stream, filled the square, to the consternation of the columns, and the carabineers attacking at the same moment, and after pouring in their fire at the muzzles of the English guns, drawing their short swords, and stooping low to the charge, went hand to hand with the astonished allies. The musketeers, with their long guns and bayonets, now came up with other squadrons, and a struggle

\* It is for obscure men of talent to give hints, and great men without talent to put them in practice, and take the glory. Voltaire, who puts these words in the mouth of this gay and debauched courtier, does not add what other writers of more honesty and less flattery have left on record, namely, that this plan was suggested in reality by a subaltern officer of artillery, whose name no one has been able, or thought fit, to mention.

took place, such as the whole day had not yet witnessed.

Hector all this while fought steadily in the ranks of his regiment, yet sought in vain for an opportunity of doing some act of bravery, which should gain him the distinction for which he panted. An occasional sight of the honourable Captain Crombie also, distinguishably placed at the head of a company within his view, stimulated his feelings at times almost to maddening, as he was still obliged to fight on the defensive in the side column, his excited thoughts veering with the changes of the battle between the constant chances of "death or glory," and life, the future, and Helen Ruthven. A confusion that he could not know the meaning of now arose among the ranks behind, while in front, the loud hurra of a new charge, brought into his view a body of infantry, whom he saw for the first time. This was the Irish brigade, as it was called, commanded by Lord Clare, who, dressed in green and scarlet, seemed, though firing in their faces, to wear the appearance more of

friends than of enemies. Which they were, became more than ever doubtful to Hector, when he saw this corps furiously attacked by another squadron from the French line. They then shouted aloud, *Vive France!* to indicate what side they were on, but the confusion was so great that they could not be heard until numbers were killed by their French associates. Pushing forward amongst the throng, under the excitement of courage, in an instant Hector and some of his companions found themselves in a grappling struggle, partly with these men, and partly with another corps of the enemy; for an unexpected break had taken place in the British line near; and that indistinct confusion of ideas arising from the instinctive feeling of self-preservation, dread of defeat, and eagerness for deeds of arms, common on the field of battle, hurried rapidly through his brain. In a moment, he found himself in the midst of a new charge; and saw that the men of the Black Watch, having thrown down their muskets and drawn their broadswords, were, like himself, engaged hand to hand with the enemy, agreeably

to their favourite mode of fighting. Hardly a shot was fired around; and the ringing of the steel on the targets of the Highlanders, with the wild scream of an occasional heart-stab, were all the sounds that were distinguishable above the frightful confusion of battle.

Hector was now in the advance of his companions, and eager thoughts of desired distinction and of Helen Ruthven added new energy and strength to his arm. Suddenly, in the midst of the *melée*, his eye caught the wave of a silken standard, whose golden ornaments and white fleurs-de-lis seemed to entice him to the distinction which he had all day sought. Springing forward, he, with a valour that seemed almost superhuman, cut his way towards the French standard-bearer, and, after a few passes, cleaving the pole with his broadsword, he held the precious token of prowess in his grasp. Two or three swords were at the same moment pointed at him, from all which he defended himself for a time, as he retreated towards his comrades, and held the standard aloft in his left hand. Suddenly he felt himself wounded from behind;

and at the same instant, stumbling over a dead body, which made him fall upon one knee, some one plucked at the valued standard, almost forcing it out of his grasp. This attempt, however, was unsuccessful, until a deadening blow came down upon his shoulder; and, looking round him, he perceived glaring upon him the dark, vindictive eyes of Captain Crombie. Springing to his feet, he swung his broadsword around him, but his wounded left arm was unable to resist the pull that was now made at the standard; and, levelled again by the blow of a French grenadier, he had just sight to see the last flutter of the precious trophy borne off by his hated rival, among the rushing crowd.

Stupified by despair, he was about to resign his life to the uplifted sword of a trooper now over him, when he saw the blade arrested by the broad head of a long battle-axe halberd, borne by a sergeant of Lord Clare's brigade.

"Haud your hand, mon! haud your hand!" cried a rough voice, in mountaineer English, to the dragoon. "Damn her! she'll stick her this

moment wi' her ain halbert, if she offers another fleg at a brave shentleman o' the Black Watch !”

The trooper passed on, in a moment, with the general rush, and the old serjeant now took hold of Hector's arm, and began to help him up. “Come awa', mon !—joost come awa' and be her honourable prisoner, for dinna ye see the red-coats hae ta'en to their heels at last ? Got Almighty ! what's in my auld een ?—surely, if the blood was aff your face—surely ye'll no be Hector Monro ?”

“Who are you,” exclaimed Hector, astonished at the voice and the Scotch tongue ;—“can you be really Duncan M'Naughton of Glendochart ? It's not possible !” and he looked again at the old man's face.

“Haud her, whisht !—haud her, whisht thee noo !” cried the veritable old Cearnach ;—“the black cock on the moor hasna time to sing a psalm when the bull whistles in her lug. There's the troopers again ! and they're aff in the pursuit. Clory and praise ! clory and praise ! see how the damn red-coats run ! Joost look how they run down the brae ! and what a con-

fusion ! Come aff the field, I say ! aff the field ! Clory and praise !—let the damn Hanover English, that ruined me and mine, be smitten afore the Lord's providence, hip and thigh !”

“ Duncan M'Naughton—you'll not hold me here !” cried Hector, struggling, notwithstanding his wound, now bleeding profusely. Let me go and take my fate with the Black Watch : my heart and fortune depends on it.”

“ Come aff this !—out o' the way o' the troopers, I say ! ye're a wounded man, and canna rin fast, forbye ye're my prisoner,” said the athletic sergeant, half carrying Hector towards the side of the field. “ Deevil ! would she let her braw countryman gang to be trampled to death, afore ever she gets to the selvidge o' the bouilzie.”

The old man had now “ haur'l'd ” his prisoner away from the pursuers, and they both soon stood clear, contemplating a scene, in which none would be ambitious of mixing in the shape of the vanquished. Hector, by this time, on the outer edge of a crowd of fellow-prisoners, saw, with unconcealed consternation, the remains of the great square, now entirely broken up, give

way on every side, and the disunited divisions fly, mingled with the enemy's cavalry, in horrible confusion, down those bloody slopes, now thickly covered with dead, which they had but a few hours ago mounted so valiantly. The sight was one, which—to an ambitious young soldier, whose whole hopes were built upon the successes of the day, and who now, deprived of all honour, found himself a wounded prisoner in the enemy's camp—was most melancholy; especially as Hector fancied he saw, more than once, among the receding confusion, the wave of the silken standard, for which he had fought so well, now borne off as a trophy, and a hopeful claim to all he loved, by one who rivalled him with her and with fortune itself, and seemed to follow him wherever he went as his evil genius.

But he had hardly leisure as yet to think of his own fortunes, as he continued to contemplate the dreadful havoc and confusion presented by the thick legions of a flying army. Great numbers were trampled to death, particularly in repassing the ravine; many even among the

feet of the allied cavalry, when they came up ; for these, now when too late, were hastily ordered to advance to their support. Not less painful to the ears of Hector, as he watched the flying crowd scatter itself in the plain, was a distant sound, which his ear could catch over the confusion,—namely, what the Earl of Crawford, with soldierly bluntness and gallant shame, called “a damned drum,” which went about beating the retreat *to British troops*, without being ordered or authorised—as the earl characteristically asserts—by any one whatever, as far as he could ever learn. But when the whole of the vanquished got fairly into the valley, the remains of the Highlanders and other Scotch regiments were rallied to cover the retreat ; and the men of the Watch were cheered for their bravery, even by the duke in person, they having had the honour to be first in the front ranks, and last in the rear, on this memorable day.

Though the day was not far advanced, it being only two in the afternoon when the great square was broken, Marshal Saxe was too glad

of his unexpected success to be very zealous in the pursuit; so, after a little skirmishing by the cavalry with the British rear in the plain, and the taking of a few prisoners and more cannon, the old marshal and the elated French officers crowded round the king and the dauphin, as, followed by their splendid suites, they rode forward from our Lady in the Wood, to congratulate his majesty on his great and hard-won victory.

## CHAPTER XI.

The land of France this day hath made  
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
 Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground :  
 And Victory doth play  
 Upon the dancing banners of the French.

SHAKSPEARE.

“ WEEL, who would hae thought it, that my auld een, that are now bleared and begrutten wi’ sorrow and dool, should ever hae set more upon my brave young friend, Hector Monro ?” said the old sergeant, looking up and down over our hero’s person, as they rested together among a knot of prisoners on the brow of the height ;— and here he is, a brave biurdly shentleman o’ the Black Watch, wi’ an officer’s knob of gold on his shouther. O man ! but my heart was

big this morning, and my blood boiled to hae a fleg at the bloody red-coats, who shot my gallant son in the black tower o' Lunon. But when the battle came on, and I heard the skried of the auld bagpipe, and saw, as I came up, the bonny blue bonnets o' the lads of Scotland, my heart warmed to ye all for the days o' lang syne, and I couldna draw a stroke against you. I could even hae ran in amongst ye, and embraced ye like brithers!" added the Cearnach, the tear starting into his eye as he spoke; and he wrung in silence Hector's hand, in strong Highland emotion.

"But how," said our hero, "did you get so far from your own home? I little expected to find you here, and with your own sword drawn against your own kin and countrymen."

"Dinna speak about home, Hector Monro," rejoined the old man, his emotion increasing at the word so as almost to deprive him of utterance; "ye ken weel that I have no home, no wife, no bairns—all, all are gone—spilt bluid and broken hearts—and me left a useless wandering auld man, in a foreign land. Hector, ye

remind me o' sad things. If I had known what was to come, it would have been mercy to me had ye left me to the murder of the Lowlander law, and ne'er helped my leg out o' the hangman's irons in the auld jail o' Perth. As to how I came here, what could I do? Hunted like a beast from my own glen, my brave son shot before my eyes, and my daughter laid out a white corpse, as you saw, in the unlucky English city, where could I hide myself from the law in that frightful Lunon? so, by the help o' Glenmore, and some brave chieles that are now wi' me in Lord Clare's regiment, men who, like me, have had the black dogs o' misfortune biting at their heels in their own country, we got a boat to carry us across the green water, and it was even a happiness to us at last to fire a bloody bullet at our Hanover enemies."

"Heaven help you, my unhappy friend!" said Hector, mentally excusing these unnatural sentiments, and painfully reminded of his own situation; "it seems as if I also were destined to the cruelest tantalizings of fortune."

"But though my heart be broken, it hasna

joost brusted yet," continued the Cearnach, bursting out at the moment into tears of bitterness; "and the day is at hand, Mr. Monro, —just at hand, when a dear and bloody revenge on the English Whigs will—"

"What do you mean, Mr. M'Naughton?"

"I mean what your ear is not yet ready to be told, young man," he added, sternly, as he seemed to recover himself. "It was a braw thing for the Hanover king and his lords to make their law, and to read their law to gallant men, condemning them to death and banishment for trying to get out o' the power o' them that deceived them. But the shooting o' the M'Phersons and my son, and the banishment of many a brave man to the blackamoor islands, has kindled a fire in Scotland's glens, that smothers as yet till the time comes; but before the Beltan wind of this present year blows aff the head of bald Benvorlich, it will burst out into a flame, that will set all Scotland in a low, and gar the English king totter on his unlawfu' throne. Then will be my time, Hector! and the red-coats and Whigs may find

that though heart-scath'd and grey-headed, this arm hath yet power to take a bitter and bloody revenge !”

“ Before Beltan wind !” repeated Hector, astonished. “ And how is all this to be brought about ?”

“ I wish I could tell you all, but I daurna at present,” said the old man, earnestly ; “ see you whose name and superscription you wear ?” he added, pointing to the shining device on the buckle of the black belt that girded Hector’s body, and contained the pistols, of which he had not yet been disarmed. “ I shall petition to be one of the prisoners’ guard back into France, and then, when we get to Paris, perhaps you may be permitted to see and know that which may wonderfully alter your present views.”

They were disturbed in this conversation by the approaching sound of trumpets, and forward came a cavalcade which, wounded and sad as he was, strongly aroused the attention of Hector and his fellow-prisoners. It was Louis himself, who, accompanied by his son and their

suite, now rode forth from the wood to view the field of battle.

It is an interesting thing to look upon the face of a king, especially in the proud moment of victory; and Louis of France, though weak in character and timid in manners, had an imposing look and a truly kingly dignity. His broad-leafed, half-clerical hat, ornamented with a thick rolling feather, sat well above the prominent features and large eyes of his family, with which the English public are familiar in the portraits of his grandson, the unfortunate decapitated; and the shining cuirass, which he wore in imitation of his father's warriors who contended with Marlborough, sat not less well on his portly person. Over this his majesty wore, suspended from his shoulders, and almost hiding the orders on his breast, a large silk sash, of purple and white, plentifully sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*. This ornament had been put on this morning by the fair hand of his present favourite, the celebrated Madame de Pompadour, who, in imitation of her predecessor in the much-envied situation of mistress to the sovereign,

maintained her own ascendancy, and stimulated the king to glory by following him to the camp.

The dauphin, riding by his side, was a comely boy, nearly sixteen, already a married *man*, having been wedded the previous winter ; and the splendour of these personages may be conceived, when the latter alone was attended by twelve youths, under the name of *menins*, selected from the first families in France, and dressed in the half old Spanish, half modern costume, which still lingered at the French court.

A great crowd of officers now returning from the plain, and preceding the troops, met the cavalcade ; and, seeing his majesty, set up shouts of "*Vive le roy !*" which spread over the whole army, and rent the air with acclamation. Hats were waved on high along the lines—the soldiers elevated their caps at the end of their bayonets, and the joy and elevation of victory seemed in proportion to its being dear-won and unexpected. The mutual compliments of the king and his officers seemed to

outdo each other;—"The triumph," says an eye-witness of the scene," was the finest sight in the world; but still," adds the same writer, with moralizing humanity, "the melancholy basis of all this is human blood and human suffering."

This latter tone of thought is well suited to indicate the feelings of Hector, as, by the declining sunlight of the delicious summer evening, his eye followed the gay company, as the horses picked their steps among the dead and wounded, over a plain deeply soaked with human blood. What a scene was there for the effeminate denizens of a palace! Limbs scattered from mangled trunks, carcasses in heaps, from beneath which the writhing wounded strove in vain to disengage themselves—horses, generals, noblemen, and soldiers—for there were more officers in proportion killed this day than common men; Austrians, Scotch, French, Dutch, Bavarians, and English, all mixed together in bleeding confusion. The heartless carrion-crows, who follow a camp, were already engaged in plundering

the wounded and stripping the dead ; enemies, yet alive, were calling upon enemies in their anguish, and French and English mutually assisted, and were even bandaging each other's wounds. Some were struggling with death, and biting the earth in agony ; others, for want of priests, were busy confessing their sins to Heaven and imploring mercy ; while many Frenchmen, hearing the king approach, raised their dying heads, and in the puerile idolatry of senseless loyalty, uttered a feeble "*Vive le roy et le dauphin !*" as their last ejaculation on the dim shore of eternity. Some of the profligate nobility who followed the king observed this scene of suffering with indifference;\* but his majesty, as he rode among the dying, was deeply affected, and is reported to have said to

\* " I have observed," says the minister of war, who was this day present, " that a habit is soon acquired of viewing with tranquillity, upon the field of battle, the naked dead bodies, the enemies at the last gasp, and the wounds still reeking. As for my part, I own that my heart failed me, and I was obliged to have recourse to a smelling-bottle." The humane courtier was no Hotspur.

young Louis by his side, "See, my son, how costly and painful a victory is!" The heart of the amiable youth was already full, and he was only able to answer his father with tears.

Yet this tragedy of emotion was soon lost and forgotten in the elation of triumph; and, as the group returned from the field, Louis received from his attendants the thousand forms of flattery which may be expected of courtiers interestedly emulative of self-degradation, and treating the evening's enjoyment as "a new pleasure," caused drums to be placed for him on a clear spot of ground, in order that, like other great warriors, he might write the despatches with his own hand from the field of battle.\* "Surely," said Hector to himself, as, placed by chance near the gay crowd, he sat, faint from loss of blood, and melancholy from disappointment, on the broken carriage of a

\* "It was a *glorious sight*," says Count D'Argenson, in an epistle also from the field, "to see the king and the dauphin writing upon a drum, surrounded by the conquerors, the conquered, the dead, the dying, and the prisoners."

gun, and entertained many painful and disheartening apprehensions; “surely, man is an incorrigible wretch, who finds food for his selfishness and a zest to his vanity even in the miseries and misfortunes of others.”

But the man who is capable of sober melancholy, or even of painful reflection, in surveying the past and the present, in the alternations of life is never wholly destitute of cause for thankfulness; nor did Hector feel in his inner mind, when the friendly old Cearnach had brought him a surgeon to dress his wounds, and a mouthful of refreshment out of his canteen, and spread his plaid over him as he lay on the comfortable grass, that he was quite so much to be pitied as thousands who, when darkness crept over the plain, added by their groans to the melancholy murmur that was heard this night on the bloody field of Fontenoy.

## CHAPTER XII.

O the curst fate of all conspiracies !

DRYDEN.

ONE evening, during the same month in which these things happened in Flanders, the sun had not well sunk behind the summit of Ben-cruachan, in the eastern Highlands of Scotland, when several chiefs, assembled on the excuse of a hunting-party in the glens, began to approach the different passes that led to the romantic little valley of Corrie-vrin. Through one of these passes the tall figure of M'Evan of Glenmore might be seen, slowly and reluctantly wending towards the place of meeting ; and as the summit of the old tower struck upon

his view, against the clear side of the evening sky, his heart rose with melancholy sadness as he thought of those who but a few years before, in health and hope, inhabited this peaceful dwelling of their fathers. Why the chiefs had chosen to assemble in this spot was obvious, from the exasperation of feeling that had followed the unhappy affair of the Black Watch, and still was, strongly remembered; but, though they had taken every precaution against discovery, he was by no means satisfied of the policy of making this the scene of a consultation, which would have been much more safe in broad day, and if held with less jealous formality.

It was becoming quite dark as he descended the terrace-ledges into the dell; and, in no haste to appear, when he mounted into the ancient stone hall in the tower, he found the pine-torches already lighted by the walls, and several of the chiefs in earnest consultation.

“Come awa’, sir,” said the brave Angus M’Donald, of Keppoch, welcoming the chief.

“ You are wanted this night, and if my information be correct, there are men to meet us here, of whom the dame of Corrie-vrin may be proud. And, first, here is a gentleman whom you will be glad to know.”

“ The brother of my gallant friend, Lochiel,” said M'Evan, knowing, by his resemblance to that celebrated chieftain, the brother of him who has been immortalized by the well-known “ Lochiel's Warning.” This gentleman, to whom he was now introduced, was in fact the Doctor Cameron who afterwards expiated his attachment to the unfortunate Stuarts, not on Tower hill, but at Tyburn. “ You, doctor, I am glad to see, for it is information that such as you can give that is wanted at this moment by our Scottish men of influence.”

Malcolm M'Gregor, of the M'Gregors of Craigie, the next person presented, who, before the same year was ended, was destined to fall at Preston Pans, Glenmore had known before, as well as several others, now filling the apartment. Soon after, there came up the narrow

stairs of the tower, no less personages than James Drummond, Earl of Perth, accompanied by the well-known and unfortunate Lord Balmerino.

“ See that the tower is secure, and the passes are watched,” said the cautious Earl of Perth. “ The red-coats have now learned the ways of the hills, and this meeting may be less a secret than we think it, since Sir Thomas Ruthven came to show his Whig zeal in the glens of Perthshire.”

The stalwart Highlander, who stood at the door, having announced that all was well ordered, the chiefs began to open the business of the meeting.

This consisted chiefly in detailing the various communications which each had received, to indicate the strength of their party, in case of a landing of the chevalier, now living at Gravelines in France, or, as others assured the meeting, at Paris, which, as it appeared by communications from various of his adherents on the continent, might hourly be expected. Upon counting the heads of the jacobite party at

home, the names of the Earl of Cromartie, Lord George Murray, Cameron of Lochiel, and old Lord Pitsligo were mentioned with confidence. To these high names the Earl of Perth added that of his kinsman, William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, and Balmerino took upon him to mention his amiable, and afterwards unfortunate friend, the Lord Kilmarnock.

Against all this show of high names, Glenmore took upon himself to advise hesitation in any attempt at present in favour of a fugitive and not highly deserving family, by strongly urging what he had himself observed when in England of the real power and solidity of the present monarchy.

These sentiments were met by murmurs of disapprobation from the more violent chiefs, but were taken up by Cameron and several others, who urged the folly of attempting to set up a king without adequate means; reminding their lordships of the disastrous expedition of the chevalier from Dunkirk, in the preceding year, wherein, though it consisted of a considera-

ble force, even the heavens and the elements seemed to conspire against him and his house. From this he drew a strong inference against their encouraging the chevalier to any similar attempt now, when even formerly possessed advantages had been swallowed up or dispersed.

The mention after this of apprehended headings and hangings, such as had followed the fifteen, and an appeal to the considerations of wives and families, called up the mild Balmerino, who was strongly inclined to waver to the same side, when M'Gregor protested against all such cowardly reasoning, and told them that the swords of which they had been robbed by this German usurper were ready to leap from the possession even of their enemies to avenge their wrongs, and that the blood of the slaughtered M'Phersons of the Black Watch—not to speak of Glencoe and Philliphaugh—united with the cries of the deceived men of that gallant regiment, now broiling under a tropical sun in their land of banishment, for vengeance on the English Whigs for all they had suffered.

A murmur of vengeful reaction ran through the whole assembly on the utterance of this speech ; when, first two female figures, dressed in conventual black, were made way for by the chiefs near the door, and, presently after, an elderly personage bustled into the assembly, dressed in a broad-cloth coat, turned up with velvet, a black silk bag behind his neck, like an Englishman of rank, and a round wrinkled face, appearing under his white wig, which wore so sinister and peculiar an expression, that Glenmore himself was strangely impressed by it. The chiefs drew back, as if under sudden distrust ; for, the late comer was none other than Simon Lord Lovat, who, as some began to whisper, seemed more like a spy upon their actions than a hearty friend to a cause that he had formerly opposed.

“ Who is for James the Third, or who is for the Whig enemies of Scotland ? ” cried M'Donald of Keppoch. “ We are not met here to make lawyer speeches when our lawful king comes to seek his rights.”

A general expression in favour of the Stuarts,

at all risks, was uttered in Gaelic by almost every one present.

“ Do you hesitate, Glenmore?” said the hardy M’Gregor. “ If so, declare your mind. And you also, Cameron of Lochiel. There are eyes here, no doubt, that are watching our proceedings, and will be ready to bear the tidings of your loyalty to George of England.

Glenmore, unmoved by this taunt, still implored them to hesitate, and, in confirmation of his reasoning on the fallacy of their present hopes, referred them to the report formerly made by their own messenger, Hector Monro, to the daughter of James the Second.

The mention of this name raised quite a ferment among several present, who openly taunted the chief with deceiving them through the means of a nameless youth, and, in proof, urged Hector’s known acquaintance in the family of heir greatest enemy, namely, the Whig zealot, Sir Thomas Ruthven.

M’Evan indignantly replied in a strain of powerful statement and eloquent appeal, again urging the folly of laying their heads on the

block at the feet of a powerful party. This speech almost decided the whole assembly to send back Prince Edward out of the kingdom, should he even land next day in Scotland ; and when the chief had ended, no one even offered a word in reply.

An undecided silence remained for a moment, when a figure stood forward from the dark side of the apartment, whose sable dress and spectral paleness made her look like a newly-risen inhabitant of the grave. She was accompanied by another and a younger female, who, from her commanding height and large black eyes, shining like coals in the torch-light out of a pallid yet scornful countenance, might well be a supporter to the impressive grief of the elder dame.

As the childless widow and unhappy mother of the M'Phersons came forward, and, extending a thin arm over the company, appeared to gasp for the power of utterance, all present seemed to shudder at the griefs that thus impelled reluctant speech, while the noble spirited Katherine M'Evan by her side, sworn to virgin widowhood since the death of her lover, gazed

round her with a look that almost froze the beholders.

“Are you men? Have you the hearts of men, my lords and chiefs,” said the widow, in a tone like the tomb itself,—“that you hesitate to draw the sword of justice to avenge the spilt blood and the bitter groans of your kin and clansmen, torn for ever from their native glens? Will you sit down like prating owls in this ruined tower, and argue about means and causes, when your rightful prince stretches his arms over the sea towards you; and the very women, left in widowhood, broken-hearted and childless, are ready to arm against those ruthless deceivers of brave men and spillers of innocent blood? Make way for me, my lords! Let me pass out from among you! I am obliged to leave my shame and my ban upon your craven hearts.”

“By heavens! you shall not pass, dame,” cried several voices, stopping the ladies as they advanced towards the door, “until you hear us swear at least to avenge the injuries of our Highland Watch!”

In an instant, the whole company started to

their feet, and, waving every other consideration, offered to swear vengeance against the Hanoverian law-making oppressors of their country.

“And you, Glenmore, and all!” cried the lady, turning back, and fixing her eyes on the chief; while the imposing figure of his daughter now pressed forward, and knelt at his feet.

“For that end I will—if my head should answer for it,” said the chief, with emotion—“not for James the Third, but for the blood of injustice: but”—he added, looking towards Balmerino and Lovat,—“if my head is required in an unfortunate cause, there are others here that will not sit quite safe upon the shoulders that wear them.”

No sooner had the buz of acclamation announced the unanimous resolution of the chiefs, than half a dozen gillies came in, bearing large bowls, bottles, and stoups of liquor, which they planted on the heavy oaken table, and the chieftains sat down, after some preliminary consultation with Lord Lovat, to spend in plans and communications, as to the expected rising, the few hours that should intervene before the grey

light of morning should allow them to depart without suspicion to their several homes.

Scarcely had they again seated themselves, and prepared their way for discussion by a double round of the liquor before them, when the shock head of Daniel the gilly, who, by order of Glenmore, watched at a particular post without, was thrust in at the door, the face wearing an expression of excited importance.

“ What now, Dawney ? ” said Glenmore. “ What brings you thus from your post ? ”

“ Te lords an’ te shentles maun rise and rin ! ” said the gilly. “ As sure’s death there’s a purring amang the whins. ”

“ Speak out, you fool ! Why should we rise and run for that ? ”

“ As sure’s death, shentlemans, ’tis the red-coats ! She saw them wi’ her een. They’re slipping up by the burnside, and will be here at te auld tower afore the dog has time to bark. Here’s more word o’t ! ”

Another messenger came hastily in, with a confirmation of the tidings, adding that a person on horseback seemed reconnoitring in front to guide the party.

To run the risk either of a siege where they were, or of imprisonment and examination, should they be taken, would have been madness ; and Glenmore offering, as he knew the country well, to keep off the assailants in front, while the company should seek safety by the rear of the tower, the whole rose ; and, after some confusion and debate, wherein the chieftains most reluctantly gave up the opportunity of a tussle with the military, they all went off by the passes above the glen, Glenmore himself answering the challenge of the officer when he arrived, and, by the manœuvres of his Highlanders, preventing, as long as possible, the surrounding of the tower.

The officers and soldiers rushed at once up the narrow stairs of the building ; and the rage of the zealous subaltern who headed the party, upon finding evident traces of a meeting, and no one remaining but M'Evan, was dreadful. He and his soldiers rushed from place to place, and even into the apartments of the females, with the insolent indelicacy and malignant violence which characterized the party proceedings

of the times, against the suspected jacobites of the hills. The soldiers were even permitted to make free with the liquors, to rifle the house in search of eatables, and commit other excesses, while, insulted with interrogatories, which he refused to answer, Glenmore, who had run this risk to save his friends, was made an unresisting prisoner in the king's name, strictly guarded for the night, and in the morning marched off to be charged with conspiracy before the chief magistrate of Perth.

## CHAPTER XIII.

O villain Leonine, what canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

SHAKSPEARE.

IT was the second day after his capture at Corrie-vrin, when Glenmore was brought into the capital of the north. On his arrival a great bustle and buz appeared in the city, as if something unusual had happened to bring the people into the street; and, as it was necessary to take him before a magistrate before he could be committed, it was found that, though it was evening, these functionaries were already sitting in the court-house, and thither he was imme-

diately carried. Before the party had arrived at the north part of the town, they were met by a gentleman, whose look and demeanor excited in our chieftain some curiosity. This gentleman, living chiefly in London, had, on account of the suspicious state of the times, come of late to reside on some property he owned in the neighbourhood of Perth, and he became known, not a little to the surprise of Glenmore, by the often talked of name of Sir Thomas Ruthven.

Entering the court-house, a glance at the bench served to give the chieftain considerable heartening; for there he saw his old friend, Hugh M'Vey, formerly the worthy deacon and shopkeeper, now officiating in the dignified situation of chief magistrate of this ancient city. The provost opened his eyes on seeing Glenmore brought before him between a double file of soldiers, but an absorbing case, in which he was at the moment engaged, prevented more for the present than a pawky glance at the mountaineer prisoner from the corner of his eye, which showed the chief that the good-hearted chapman did not choose to forget him in the hour of his adversity.

As the chief tarried until the present case

was disposed of, his attention was attracted by a man under examination at the bar, whose dissipated look and cold stare of roguish recklessness, varied by an occasional glance of nervous ferocity, round the court, showed that, whether in the way of the gallows or not, this was a criminal of no common order. Behind this man stood a woman, apparently his wife, a regular Scotch randy, whose hard brazen look indicated more craft, more actual coolness, and less of savage regardlessness, than even her fellow-prisoner.

These persons seemed to baffle, by their answers, both the provost himself, and an elderly gentleman, in a purple coat, edged with tasteful silver lace, and wearing a pale anxious countenance, and a look of nervous benevolence, which was strongly contrasted with the low faces of those with whom he evidently felt the indignity of being brought in contact. Glenmore felt an immediate interest concerning this unknown personage, from a strong resemblance perceivable, through his age and melancholy, to some with whose recollection his mind was perfectly familiar. A slight recognition took place on their entrance between him and Sir Thomas

Ruthven, but so absorbed was the pale gentleman in the case before him, that this was all that passed between them. On the bench, beside the provost, the bluff ruddy countenance of a wholesome English squire shone like a good-natured sun among the care-worn and clouded visages present; his country was indicated by his accent, and his name turned out to be Matthew Hoskins.

“Sir George,” said the provost, addressing the elderly gentleman in the laced coat, “impenetrable as this business at present appears, I would advise you to prefer against the accused the greater charge of child-murder, on which I am willing to grant his committal, unless he chooses to be more free in his communications.”

The woman at the bar gave a nudge at the prisoner’s elbow on hearing this, and a look passed between them which showed that the *ruse* of the magistrate had taken effect. “I shall charge him certainly,” said the general, taking the hint, “if you, provost, will sanction also the imprisonment of this woman, as actor, art, and part, in the alleged murder.”

“Ye needna fash, sirs,” said the woman, alarmed, “to harass ony further my gude man

and me; the bairn was neither murdered by us nor ony body else; for though he passed out o' our hands, I can hardly tell how, I weel believe he's a living bairn to this day; but whar he is, or what's become o' um, as God is my judge, I cannot tell."

"Then you take upon you, woman," said the general, starting at this communication, "to contradict your husband's repeated asseveration, that Lady Lamont's child was buried in Kilgome churchyard?"

"Weel I wat do I, sir," said the woman. "Ne'er heed my puir ill-doing gude man, for his memory's rather demented since he took to the drap drink, and he maybe forgets the outs and ins o' sae auld a story."

"Will you take upon you to swear, woman," said Mr. Hoskins, from the bench, "that the child, instead of being buried, was not sent to somewhere in the neighbourhood of Inverness?"

"No just sae far north as that," said the woman, speaking up in spite of the angry scowl thrown round at her by her husband; "but if Kate Monro were alive, and able to speak, I dare say she could tell what became o' the bairn."

“Monro !” repeated the provost, while the general and himself both started at the name. “This confirms what I had suspected. Good woman,” he added, addressing another female who stood behind, “step forward now, and repeat before these gentlemen what you told me.”

“I aye thought that Mr. Hector Monro, who once had a lodgment in my house,” said Mrs. M‘Lean, for it was the warm-hearted widow that now stood forward to tell her simple story, “was something better than a wheelwright lad-die; and, happening to speak o’ him to auld Katharine Monro on her death-bed, that ill-guided woman held up her hands at my tale, and thanked the Lord that her ain evil deeds, and them that decoyed her, had not prevented the hand of Providence from manifesting itself in favour of the orphan bairn o’ a sair wranged mother.”

“Sore wronged mother !” repeated the general, in a tone that struck every one in the court. “Dame! know you aught of that woman’s history ?”

“Naught but this, your honour,” said the widow, “that she was once the confidential servant of some great leddy in the Lowlands.”

“God !” said the general, striking his forehead. “The whole matter is now clear to me. That female must have been no other than my Highland servant, whom I well remember, and the favourite of my unfortunate wife, and this Hector Monro, of whom I have heard more than once, is without doubt my own son.”

“This is most miraculous, and the resemblance is evident,” said the provost, eyeing the countenance of the deeply affected baronet. “Mr. M'Evan,” he added, addressing Glenmore, “whatever may be the circumstance that has brought you into this court, I beg to ask you, if you can supply any information as to what has become of our respected young friend, Hector Monro ?”

“It is my misfortune,” said the chief, “that among the unpleasant occurrences to myself that followed the unhappy affair of the Black Watch, I entirely lost sight of him, and I only suspect that he has joined some part of the army now in Flanders.”

“Merciful heavens !” said the general, starting up, “is my punishment never to be at an end ? Is there no one here that can tell me what has become of my son, now when he is all but proven to be mine ?”

“James Murchie, you auld villain, why winna ye speak?” said the woman at the bar, addressing, in an under-tone, her hopeful helpmate. “Ye’ll no say aught e’en of what ye know. De’il’s in my tongue, that I should hae saved you frae the gallows, the whilk ye so weel deserve. I tell you what it is, sirs,” she added, speaking up, “there’s one gentle here present that ought to know something of that young person, after he slept an uneasy night in my house on the border;” and she turned a look of good Scotch impudence on Sir Thomas Ruthven. “Atweel, I would like myself to ken what became o’ the bonnie young man, after my blackguard gude man, and that rank deevil, the young laird o’ Libberton, confabulated to make him out a jacobite traitor afore Sir Thomas there up at Lunon.”

“I do remember such a person being brought before me,” said the baronet, while the eyes of all were now turned upon him, “but he was soon after discharged. This, however, is not the business upon which I have come here; and if Sir George Lamont will accompany me home after my own is disposed of, I may perhaps find those who can give him some further information.”

Sir Thomas now proceeded to prefer against Glenmore his charge, before the local authorities, of attending one of those secret meetings, known to be held frequently among the hills for treasonable purposes, namely, to hatch rebellion and compass treason against the person and government of his sacred majesty, king George the Second.

The officer who headed the party now detailed the particulars of what he had observed at Corrie-vrin, which, added to the private information and multifarious suspicions of Sir Thomas Ruthven, seemed to him to make out a very strong case; and the prayer was, that at least Glenmore might be committed for the present, and examined from time to time, until the pleasure of his majesty's council in London might be known.

"What evidence have you," said the provost to the officer, "that there was so important a meeting in so unlikely a place?"

The witness detailed several circumstances heard and seen, but dwelt particularly upon the flagons of liquor and horn cups, adding that, without some suspicious purpose, widow M'Pherson did not appear to be in circumstances to afford all this hospitality.

“And why did you not also capture the unfortunate dame herself, and bring her into Perth, if you thought the case so important?”

“I might have done so, sir,” said the officer, “but the prisoner dared me, with the most terrible threats, to offer to lay hands on the ladies.”

“I do not wonder at his spirit,” said the provost, observing the dry scorn on Glenmore’s countenance; “but, was the accused armed when he made these threats? for that is the real point in the case.”

The officer reluctantly replied in the negative.

“Then,” said the provost, “I dismiss the case. I cannot commit on vague suspicion, particularly as I have occasion to know that this gentleman has always held sentiments favourable to peace and to the Protestant succession; and I advise you, Sir Thomas Ruthven,” he added, “if you regard your own personal safety while you choose to remain in this quarter, not to be so hasty in spurring on a soldiery ignorant of the manners and feelings as well as of the grievances justly complained of by the people of the hills, to acts tending to aggravate angry feelings which are already on the point of

involving this country in civil war. You seem astonished that I refuse to commit the accused upon the facts stated. Such rigour may pass in England, where the spirit of the nation is to disregard the reasoning and to coerce the sentiments of our mountaineer countrymen, but it will not do here, where there are proud hearts and long swords still, that I, at least, am not willing to provoke."

A look passed between some of the bystanders behind backs on hearing this speech, which Sir Thomas noticed not without uneasiness; but General Lamont, being anxious to hear further concerning his son, the whole left the court-house, Glenmore to have a civil bottle, and a rizzard haddock with the worthy and humane provost, and the others to proceed to Waridow house, where the baronet lived, a few miles west of the old city.

When the latter three gentlemen got out into the street, they were surprised at the increased bustle in the town, and the crowding groups that every where appeared, as if something uncommon had just happened, or was now about to take place. The eagerness of the general, however, to hear further of his son, would not

allow of his waiting to make inquiries. But Mr. Hoskins, with his usual bluntness, asked his new acquaintance the baronet, if he knew of any thing unusual that had occurred to cause all this stir in a quiet Highland town.

“You are an Englishman, sir, are you not?” said Sir Thomas, in a strongly sarcastic tone, as he looked in the broad good-humoured face of the squire. “I thought so,” he added emphatically replying to the other’s brief assent. “Pardon me, it is your evident ignorance of the discontented and disloyal barbarians of these northern regions, that induces you to talk of Perth, or any such nests of traitorous jacobitism, being quiet country towns.”

“Sir Thomas,” asked the squire bluffly, “did you ever sleep on a heath-bed in the corner of a Highland sheiling, in the inner recesses of Angusshire?”

“God forbid!” said the baronet; “to rise in the morning, as a certain writing has it, with my throat cut. No, Sir, I never, thank God! was farther north than this carse of Strathhtay.”

“Then, by God! Sir Thomas,” retorted the squire, staring him full in the face, “if there is ignorance among us, you had better take it

entirely to yourself; for I have done all this in the very heart of the Highlands, travelling from Inveresk to Inverey, and from Murray Forth to Fort Augustus: and, permit me to say, that it is more than ignorance—it is wilful prejudice—it is party misrepresentation, and downright injustice—that would make any man of sense oppress and exasperate these warm-hearted Celts as I see done; for I have lived among them, and eaten their oaten bread, and listened to their simple tales, and entered into their just complaints; and, by Heaven! there is more virtue among them, if not fair loyalty, and far more intelligence, than I have found in our gross and pork-fed clods besouth the Tweed.”

“General Lamont,” said the baronet, turning coldly round to the melancholy seeker after a lost son, “it was at the Earl of Breadalbane’s castle of Balloch, as I think, where I had the honour of meeting you. Our acquaintance, you are aware, is but slight, and hardly entitles you, methinks, to bring one of my known principles in contact with a gentleman who makes no secret of the strongest sentiments of querulous jacobitism.”

“ Were it not that I am upon an inquiry of the deepest interest to a father’s feelings, Sir Thomas,” said the general, with solemn dignity, “ you should not find me on the way to your house, while you are reminding me of the slightness of our acquaintance. As to my friend, permit me to say, that he no more deserves to have fastened upon him the opprobrious term of jacobitism, so liberally bestowed on all occasions of difference of opinion by the party cant of this unhappy time, than I do, or than you do yourself; although I must confess, he appears both better informed as to facts, and more influenced by motives of humanity and justice, than many whose overflowing zeal for the strongest side is ever on the watch for occasions of accusation and exasperation, to the oppressed and necessarily discontented. But for Heaven’s sake, sir, let us wave these incessant party disputes that harass all society, and tell me, if you can, what you know of the subject of my eager and long-continued inquiries.”

The demon of political rancour, however—at that day more dangerous in its effects than at present—had so stirred up the dregs of ill-feeling

in the mind of the zealous baronet, that he made no reply to the anxious father, further than to mutter something about "suspicious Scotch adventurers no better than the rest;" and, in that distrustful and sulky silence, that is so tantalizing to the impatience of paternal anxiety, and so embarrassing to real good breeding, they arrived at length at a quaint gothic gate that led to the old-fashioned mansion called Waridow house.

The sober twilight of tranquil summer had already thrown her grey mantle over hill and valley, obscuring the many pleasing objects in the rich carse of Strathtay, as the party wound through the irregular park of Waridow house, and drew near to the gaunt old mansion. Impressed anew by that continually returning remorseful feeling, which for twenty years had been like a dead weight on his heart, the spirits of the melancholy baronet had, from the effect of newly-raised hope suddenly dashed into distrust, sunk into deeper sadness as he traversed the bald stone passages of the house, and reflected how unlikely he was to find in this dull mansion, among persons armed with prejudice against him, any real information as to this son

of his desires ; who, by some ominous fatality of Providence, seemed still near, and yet still to be fleeting from his embrace.

In suspicious silence, and like unwelcome visitors, the two gentlemen were, as they thought, reluctantly ushered into a low-roofed cold gallery of an apartment, massively, yet uncomfortably furnished according to the fashion of the old gentry in the north of Scotland ; and so darkened by the closing twilight, that the unwilling visitors could hardly distinguish the rueful countenances of each other. A bowl of cold skimmed milk was set before the baronet ; a stoup of colder claret was set before the guests by a hard-featured man, with the air of one serving poison ; and the subsequent silence was so embarrassingly painful, that even the sun of squire Hoskins's ruddy countenance began to set in gloom and distrust.

“ I am afraid I have given you hopes which I cannot with discretion realize”—at length said the baronet moodily—“ besides, I have been too much chafed already by jacobite cunning. Had I known, as I have done this evening, the disloyal partiality of your northern magistrates, the young man you are inquiring

after, who once stood before me under a serious charge, should not have been let off so easily by my inconsiderate clemency. But I am a widower, gentlemen," he added in a changed tone, "as you may perhaps gather from surrounding appearances, which are not as they were when I felt a pleasure in a place, that, but for public duty and the state of the times, is now distasteful to me—and may well be excused giving way to the pleading of an only child. Where is my daughter?" he went on, almost startling the stoic countenance of the grim servant who waited. "Instantly request her presence here."

Deeply touched and strongly excited by the information contained in these last sentences, the general watched eagerly the next opening of the door, by which two females were soon introduced, one of whom at least was well calculated to interest the thousand recollections and regrets which referred to his own past life, wherein the honey and the poison had been so painfully mingled. Never did the cheering beams of woman's countenance shine with more sudden effect upon the rugged heart of man, than did the bright eyes and blooming beauty of Helen

Ruthven light up the looks and dispel the depression of these three soured and chafed individuals. Her very step, as she came forward, seemed to bring back to all the experience of pleasure—her simple and kindly courtesy to the general, upon being introduced to him, as if she had been a daughter, was that involuntary association of heaven which comes over the heart like soft music, bewitching young or old with the sweetest illusions of humanity,—and her embrace of her father, upon observing that his countenance was clouded, and their mutual inquiries, on her part from some apprehension, affected the general even to sobbings of rising emotion.

As they all sat now together, and more comfortable refreshments were ordered by the ladies, the change wrought upon the melancholy men by that potent elixir of this dull life, the society and smiles of woman, was shown in none more remarkably than the zealous baronet himself; who forgot even his politics and the hot rancour of party—allowing these bitter suppressors of nature's best impulses to melt away into kindness and good-will to all men, as he gradually thawed and warmed by the looks and

conversation of his daughter and her lively companion. The old general was charmed into admiring envy of his host's happiness. The cloud of habitual melancholy cleared away from his pale countenance, like the sun shining after rain; and recollections of the past and anticipations of the future came over his spirit like a pleasing dream. The broad face of the squire, now burnished up with increasing delight, reflected on its good-natured disk the cheering light of ladies' eyes; and when Helen Ruthven, in answer to her father's questions, began, with a rising blush and modest embarrassment, to talk of the now all-interesting Hector Monro, he rubbed his hands in joyful extasy, and thought he now saw, as a man on the road to honour, and as the long-sought son of his depressed friend, the fine youth who had first taken his attention in the remote town of Inverness.

As Helen Ruthven, by the aid of Mrs. Marchmont, narrated with graceful simplicity the various circumstances in which the youth inquired of had commended himself to her attention, observing the fixed eyes of the general upon her, she began to scan his anxious countenance with a sudden curiosity.

“ Matthew,” said the latter, whispering eagerly to his friend, “ there is one point more that I have not courage to inquire into, but the answer to which will either destroy me or crown my happiness. Will you ask this dear interesting young lady, if there is any one here whose face reminds her of him she speaks of.”

“ By my honour,” said Sir Thomas Ruthven, guessing the import of this private communication, “ the interest about this young man, both in and out of my family, seems like an infatuation; and there is a mystery about his parentage too! Helen my love, why do you look so at our visitor, General Lamont?”

“ I know not how it is, sir,” she said, “ but I see a resemblance between Mr. Monro and this gentleman, that if their names were not different.....”

“ Heaven is gracious to me at last!” exclaimed the general looking up. “ Now all my doubts are at an end. The God of forgiveness and retribution may bless you for that word, my young lady!” he added, taking her hand into his, and kissing it with adoration. “ I hope I may live to see you rewarded for the joy you have brought to a father’s heart, and

the interest you have taken for my adventurous son."

The happiness of the company was now at its height, as every circumstance of Hector's career, from his victory at Balloch castle to his exertions for the unfortunate M'Phersons, was narrated and dwelt upon; and Sir Thomas Ruthven himself, catching the spirit of admiration for the youth, swore that if, in the expected battle in the Netherlands, of which the news was looked for every day, the Black Watch showed themselves no jacobites, and he distinguished himself by any bravery, he was not sure but that the honourable Captain Crombie, with all his titles and estates, might be made to give way to him, in an alliance with his family.

"I will not wait the issue of the campaign," said the general, emphatically; "before twenty four hours elapse, I will set out for the continent, to seek for and embrace my new-found son."

"What is the matter," said Sir Thomas, as his Scotch servant now entered with a face of importance, bringing a packet of letters and papers in his hand.

“ Surely, your honour has heard o’ the battle,” said the man, “ the news o’ which has kept the town of Perth in a bizz, since five at e’en—for there’s mony of our lads o’ the Black Watch cut off and slain?”

“ I heard nothing,” said the baronet, “ for I was particularly engaged, though I observed a bustle. What is this you bring?”

“ A second express has just arrived,” added the man, “ and here are letters and a London newspaper for your honour.”

The baronet hastily glanced over the papers, and informed the eager company that a great battle had been fought in Flanders, at a place called Fontenoy, wherein the allies had been obliged to abandon the field with great loss. But as he read on, his countenance changed its expression at something he saw, and only shaking his head, he handed the paper to Mr. Hoskins. A paleness spread over Helen Ruthven’s features, and in spite of her efforts she began to tremble. The nervous general seemed ready to sink, and gulping down a glass of the wine before him, seemed preparing himself for some blow to his feelings.

“ Read it, sir,” he said firmly to the reluctant

squire, "read my doom; "I have long been accustomed to consider myself an unfortunate man."

"Perhaps it may turn out a mistake, sir," said Hoskins; "I have seen such accounts afterwards contradicted, but the Black Watch have lost considerably, and here I find the name of ensign Hector Monro among those left for dead on the field of battle."

"I am sorry to confirm it, by the contents of this letter," added the baronet. "Captain Crombie, who writes me this account, saw him cut down in a charge with the enemy, where he himself succeeded in bringing off a standard, for which he was at once promoted on the field."

"Matthew, let us go," said the general faintly, "this blow is harder than I have strength for."

Helen Ruthven, pale as death, rose and rushed out of the room to conceal her feelings, and the unhappy general was actually carried down stairs, and hurried back in the baronet's chariot to Perth and the physicians.

## CHAPTER XIV.

One can't tell what assurances of support they may have from the jacobites in England, or from the French; but nothing of either sort has yet appeared—and if there does not, never was so desperate an enterprize.

HORACE WALPOLE.

It was about the middle of the month of June, when all Paris was in an extasy of joy at the successes of its valiant monarch, who, after his decisive victory at Fontenoy, which, in fact, ended the war, was driving the allied army before him entirely out of the Netherlands, that we find Hector Monro a prisoner on his parole living in impatient solitude, among the frivolous crowds of the French capital.

Relieved from the restraints of the hospital, being nearly recovered of his wounds, and oc-

cupying a small lodging with some fellow prisoners, he was sitting one night ruminating on the sad uncertainty of his fate, and the strange occurrences that still turned his dreams of hope into regret and disappointment, when the door of his apartment was opened, and two fine-looking strangers, partly dressed in the Highland costume, and accompanied by his old friend M'Naughton, also metamorphosed from serjeant in the Gallo Irish to a respectable and venerable Scotch gentleman, stood before him.

The polite yet dignified address of the strangers, showed that they were persons of some rank. No introduction in the first instance took place, except on the part of Hector by the Cearnach, but the bold style of speaking, and almost braggart manner of the one, a handsome man approaching to fifty, struck our youth, as evincing more natural courage than acquired discretion. He was not mistaken in his estimate. This was none other than the celebrated Charles Ratcliffe, brother of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who, refusing in his pride, a free pardon after the earl's execution in the sixteen, made his way out of Newgate, independent of the hated Hanoverians,

by breaking through the chimney of his room, getting upon the roof, and lowering himself by a rope into the street without. The other stranger, a man of more mildness of aspect, but not less endowed with determined courage, was none other than the well-known adherent of an unfortunate cause, William Murray, eldest son of the Duke of Athol, and at present styled Marquis of Tullibardine.

“ I told you, Maister Monro,” said the Cearnach solemnly,” when our feet were yet on the bloody sod of Fontenoy, that before Beltan wind should blow, a slogan would be raised in Scotland’s glens, and a beacon o’ war should bleeze from her hills, that would gae the southorns rue the day they murdered her best men in the Tower o’ Lunon, and broke the hearts of them that only live for the day of vengeance. That day and hour is now at hand, and you must up and help it. If ye’ll no be persuaded by me to draw a dirk against them that shot your brave friends, maybe ye’ll do it for the greatest chiefs of our hills, who are exiles like yourself in a foreign land, until our rightful prince gets his chair again.”

“ Mr. Monro,” said the marquis, “ a second

and more secret expedition is now about to set forth for our beloved country. I will undertake, through the proper authorities, to get you relieved from that parole, which, of course, is sacred to a soldier and a gentleman, if you are willing to join us and give us the benefit of that information, as well as that bravery, which we are informed you possess, in a cause for which *we*, at least, are willing to risk our lives and honours."

Hector's reply was brief; but it not only contained a decided negative, but expressed anxiety that his lordship and friends should pause before they entered upon so unpromising an attempt.

A significant look passed between the gentlemen, and they only replied, that since they could not persuade him, would he be pleased, in the mean time, to accompany them to see one, who might wish to hear the reasons he had given them. Hector consented, and rising and descending into the street, they all entered a vehicle that waited for them—for the Highland costume was at that time such a wonder in Paris, that Hector in particular found it uncomfortable to walk the streets.

“ Can they mean any thing evil ? ” said Hector to himself, as the vehicle stopped at the gate of one of those gloomy prison-like hotels, which look so ominous to a stranger in the back streets of the French capital. There was some comfort, however, when the porter, taking off his hat, answered them in Gaelic, and they were ushered into a lofty ante-room on the *premier étage* of the building. Something like state appeared in the manner of the attendants at the doors, and presently Hector found himself in a large apartment, where the stalwart figures of several hard-featured Scotchmen appeared, mixed with two or three persons in the embroidered splendour of the French nobility. An eye of admiration was bent generally on Hector, as he was led to the top of the room, and presented to a tall fair-haired young man, with a physiognomy neither Scotch nor foreign, but handsome if not noble, and wearing the tartan trews and short coat of the Highlands, a small plaid neatly plaited across his breast, and a diced bonnet with a long feather, rather affectedly set on his head. Beside him stood the celebrated intriguing George Keith, well known by the name of Earl Marshal, being hereditary great mar-

shal of Scotland, with Sir Thomas Sheridan, and several other jacobite exiles then congregated in Paris; and now he knew that the youthful personage who wore the bonnet was no other than the chevalier de St. George, son of James the Third, himself.

His highness began to enter with great condescension into conversation with Hector, while Tullibardine and his friends, with the same feeling regarding the result of this manoeuvre that afterwards was expressed in Scotland to the well-known Cameron of Lochiel, thinking that the business was done, retired a few paces back to leave them together. They had counted, however, without their host; for, young as Hector was, his mind was not of that common order which allows the imaginative allusions of mere title to work the usual imposition upon his understanding; and, so far from suffering himself to be persuaded to accompany the chevalier to Scotland, he respectfully but strongly urged the inexpediency and danger of any attempt for the restoration of his family under present circumstances.

“ You are pretty firm, for so young a man,” said the chevalier haughtily, and with that

lowering bend of the eyebrows in which the wilful and despotic spirit of his race spoke plainly to Hector's penetration.

"I have sworn allegiance to the reigning monarch, your highness," said Hector modestly, "and cannot break my faith; besides, permit me to say, that though young, I have had opportunities of observation not accessible to every one, and if you will permit me to speak, I would further state considerations that I should earnestly hope would weigh with your highness on so serious an attempt." He then went on to detail several particulars of his interview with the Duchess of Buckingham, the colouring of which seemed to strike the chevalier as very different from the deceitful representations to which he was too much accustomed.

"No matter," he added, biting his lip pettishly, with a princely dislike of disagreeable truth; "if my father said, in the fifteen, that his head should either fall or be crowned, I ought not now to say less; and though the wind and waves certainly conspired against me in my attempt from Dunkirk last year, though even, if I get safe to Scotland's shore, no man should draw a sword for me, and all desert me, yet, if

these brave chiefs who now surround me are willing to risk their lives with mine, I will brave even the apparent destiny of my house for the sake of my rights. Attached to my fortunes, and close by my side, these men shall be to me like Jew Bernard's black hen. If they perish, I shall also fall with them, for they shall be to me the type, as they are the link, of my own fate."

With a mixed look of that superstitious enthusiasm and pettish chagrin which dictated this speech, the chevalier now turned away to converse with the others, while Hector, avoided by the scowling lords present, and painfully reproached by the disappointed Cearnach, was soon permitted to return to his own humble lodgings. Soon after he learned that, on the twentieth of the same month, the chevalier, accompanied by most of those he saw with him, had sailed from France in a small fishing-boat, to make his famous attempt of the forty-five. Among these followers, however, of whom M'Naughton had received permission to be one, was neither the earl marshal nor the bold Charles Ratcliffe, the former remaining to manage the intrigues with the French

king for assistance to the enterprize, and the latter following the young Pretender with a ship filled with arms and ammunition for the use of the jacobites. This ship, however, as the reader may recollect, never reached its destination, being captured at sea by an English cruizer : and its intrepid commander, as well as most of the others, afterwards expiated his offence on Tower hill, London.

## CHAPTER XV.

Welcome Joy, and Feast,  
 Midnight Shout and Revelry,  
 Topsy Dance and Jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Come, let us our rites begin,  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin.

MILTON.

THERE are some periods in a man's life in which he seems, as it were, lost between the past and the future, bewildered and sunk in the trough of the sea of his own fortunes. This was Hector's case for many months after this, as he lingered a neglected prisoner of war in the near vicinity of Paris. His aspirations after military distinction had been completely blasted; his name and his lineage were buried in oblivion; and those bright hopes of love and bliss connected with an image still haunting his fancy, which still had cheered by their pleasing

visions the brightest hours of his existence, had vanished completely like a morning dream.

When he cast his thoughts across to his own country, such news from it as he could depend on was of the most saddening kind. Rebellion, alarm, and civil disasters, were deluging its valleys with blood, and fast preparing for many a bold heart the horrors of the scaffold; while the mercurial people among whom he lived were adding to his chagrin, by constantly exhibiting before his eyes the frivolous elation of triumph and of victory.

The whole winter was occupied in Paris by a series of fêtes and rejoicings. First there came the illuminations for the recovery of the king, after a fit of sickness when from home, in which the fulsome abominations of French flattery deface even the blotted page of history by their disgusting details. Then was his triumph on his return from the wars, with its adulations, as outrageous as the popular frenzy against his unfortunate grandson, half a century afterwards. Next came the triumphs on Marshal Saxe's return; and lastly, came those innumerable fêtes and court debaucheries, in which the arts, conjoined with the resources of the nation, were

enlisted in the grossest sensuality and flattery ; and men of genius themselves came eagerly forward to degrade their own powers, and contribute to render a nation ridiculous.

One night, in the midst of these festivities, Hector was surprised by the visit, at his obscure domicile, of a stranger in the rich dress of a page of the court ; who, in the polite terms of a request, which was in reality imperative, commanded Hector to follow him to a coach which waited at the corner of the street. Driving to the palais part of the town, they stopped at the gate of a noble hotel, passed up stairs through a splendid saloon, and he soon found himself in the closet of the Count d'Argenson, then minister of war, and friend of Voltaire, the court poet, and reigning wit of the day.

“ Do not be afraid, my friend of Roman firmness,” he said, looking down at Hector’s well-plaited philebeg, and smiling slightly at his astonished look ; “ it is not right that such as you should live so long in Paris without being at court. Have you courage to speak to a king ? ”

“ If his majesty would grant me my liberty to return to my own country and my regiment,”

said Hector, relieved, "most gladly would I make bold to address him."

"You had better not on that subject, Sir Scotsman," said the minister, smiling again at Hector's manly simplicity. "Kings do not send for individuals to grant their requests, but to contribute to their own amusements; and a monarch's amusement is a national concern, as we all know here, and old Orrey found lately to his cost. The king's amusement is your *business* in the mean time. The *request* on your behalf may *afterwards* become mine, according to the etiquette of courts. In short, his majesty set eyes upon you at Fontenoy among the prisoners. Others have seen you since, who have more to do with the rule of the kingdom than the king himself; and whether it be that the ladies have fallen in love with yourself or your nakedness," he added, casting another sarcastic glance at Hector's round kilt and fair limbs, "the inner court, in its corrupt orgies, is too fantastic in the serious business I speak of, to dispense with such as you. Go, my young friend, and further personal decoration shall not be wanting; Monsieur du Garde is to be your cicerone. Now," he added,

“be afraid of nothing—particularly be not daunted at ladies’ eyes, you that have faced the cannon’s mouth. Let nothing that this night meets your observation discompose that manly assurance, which is especially required where you will be. And, harkee! as the better part of courtly valour is discretion, have a care that you neither see nor hear aught but according as it shall be required of you, by such as have a right to be your questioner.”

He rung a silver bell, and Monsieur du Garde immediately appeared, shining in silver lace and velvet, and bringing with him an odour of lady-like perfumes. In an instant Hector found himself hurried into a large gilded carriage, and driving rapidly he knew not whither.

They at length entered a great gate, passed between rows of sentinels and files of naked statues shining in the moonlight; walked up the steps of a great staircase, and were soon traversing a lofty corridor, whose fretted roof and noble proportions told Hector that he was in a royal palace. “Haste!” said his guide, “we should not have come this way. I had forgotten ’tis yet too early, and the king cannot yet have dressed for the *petits appartemens*. Haste! this is no place for us.”

“What light is that?” said Hector, observing a glare of torches arise with picturesque effect at the far end of the corridor, while he watched a ceremonious procession of splendidly dressed figures move slowly off, until they melted into soft indistinctness up a far distant staircase, whose gilded balustrades and massive pillars were boldly relieved by the light on the figures moving past them.

“’Tis only the *debetter*,”\* said the Frenchman; “the king has been hunting to-day, but it is seldom the ceremony takes place in this part of the palace. “Hither,” he added, opening a door, “come this way, and you shall be properly prepared.”

Hector was now handed over to a file of servants, who, with ewers and towels, undertook to prepare him for the presence of the king. Requiring him to doff part of his dress, they obliged him to draw on his limbs, under his kilt, a pair of silken flesh-coloured drawers; and, instead of the belted plaid which hung from his shoulder, they made him array himself in a long blue and white sash of rich silk, and studded with *fleurs-de-lis*, which hung over his

\* The unbooting.

short scarlet coat with a very peculiar effect. They would have further trespassed upon his person by planting a white and flowing bag-wig above his glossy auburn locks, to transform him, by the law of etiquette, into a courtly fright. Such heterodoxy of costume, however, was too much for Hector's docility, and stoutly resisting the attempt, notwithstanding the broken English chatter of the *monsieurs*, they were forced to be content with the farther infliction of a dash of court flavour over his person, by no means savoury in the nose of a Highlander. This done, they considered him as ready for the royal presence as a Scots barbarian could, without miracle, be expected to be made.

It was some time before Monsieur du Garde again made his appearance; and, taking Hector by the arm, he led him through several low passages, until a distant sound of soft music told him that his curiosity was about to be gratified. Presently a small but tasteful vestibule gave him promise of more beyond it; and a double door being next opened, a scene presented itself which well might dazzle eyes unpractised in the gorgeous profusion of a court. It was a portion of those convenient buildings, successively

erected or fitted up for the king's private pleasures, well known in the private records of the French court by the name of the *petits appartemens*, and the scene of those dissolute orgies and that tasteful voluptuousness in the contrivance of which all the art in France was exhausted for the entertainment of a monarch whose life was spent between the hard exercise of the chase by day, and pleasures, whose costly effeminacy would have rivalled that of an eastern Sardanapalus, by night.

A dazzling yet softened glare of profuse light, whose gleaming effect was increased by the gilded cornices, entwined pillars, and fantastic vases, which every where met his eyes, showed him a gorgeous octagon hall, with a recess on one side, at present occupied by a broad painting, whose numerous temples and naked statues, glowing in an Italian landscape, were multiplied indefinitely in the numerous long mirrors, which formed almost the walls of this sumptuous apartment. A gay, yet not numerous, crowd already almost filled the hall, some reclining on cushions of more than Persian luxury planted around, and others walking about the centre of the hall, but all shining

in diamonds, lace, and embroidery, in various fanciful and fantastic shapes, such as well might astonish one who had never before witnessed the voluptuous magnificence of a court.

Hector started back, and would have wished himself away, when he heard the words, "*l'Ecosse! l'Ecosse charmant!*" sound above the confused murmurs which filled the hall; and instantly, numerous ladies, fancifully arrayed, and men, whose costume was scarcely less *outré*, began to crowd familiarly round him, eyeing his person all over with true aristocratic impertinence, and chattering their rapid French, and laughing to each other, as great people will do in the face of those of whom they condescend to make a show for their own amusement. All the Highland blood in Hector's body was beginning to rise against this treatment, when a man, covered with orders and perfumed like Arabia, addressing him in broken English, introduced him to a lady, whose brilliant beauty and French fascination might well rivet the attention of a warm-hearted young man. She tried to speak to him a few words of English, but they were so bad, and so unintelligible, that Hector was obliged to smile,

and all now set up a loud laugh, which the pretty Frenchwoman herself seemed to enjoy exceedingly.

“Do you think,” said she to her friend, “that we should ever be able to teach him French? I should like of all things to try.”

The high personage wearing the orders, whispered to her some words, which imported that they had better not make too free with the handsome barbarian, for fear of accidents, when a bustle appeared among the crowd in the centre, and a strain of music arose in the ante-room, which was answered by another behind the large painting concealing the recess, and the whisper ran round that the king was approaching.

The strain now increased into a tone of triumph, and was enhanced in voluptuous boldness as it drew near. Next arose a chorus of female voices, which joined the instruments within the recess; and while a well-chastened hum of murmured applause arose in the body of the hall, from the gay company, now making a passage for the royal party, Hector perceived, by the indications of certain bowing men, that his majesty was just entering.

Dressed in light blue and silver, a little slashed in the Spanish style, his majesty wore over all the same sash in which he appeared on the field of Fontenoy. A female hung on his arm, more simply, probably more nakedly, dressed than any other lady in the hall, and whose bold style of beauty, and look of seductive female cunning, showed her well fitted for the little enviable, yet much envied, condition of a king's mistress. This was Madame d'Etioles, better known afterwards as the celebrated Marchioness de Pompadour, the wife of an obscure man, and daughter of a butcher, who, stimulated by an ambitious mother, succeeded, at a common masquerade, which the king, in a vapid *ennui* of a sated voluptuary, after the death or disgrace of several former mistresses, was induced to attend in the degrading hunt after the stimulus of variety. Having thrown a handkerchief towards her, as the story is told, the crafty coquette soon succeeded in seducing her weak and profligate victim, and becoming for a time the ruler of France. Here she now shone the envy, of course, of all the intriguing throng, who, in the *petits appartemens* of an effeminate sensualist, helped to dissipate, in ex-

travagant pleasures, the resources of the nation—a nation which was afterwards to visit his family with such terrible retribution. Madame d'Etioles, as she hung upon the arm of the king, gazed round her with all a woman's vanity, and all a mistress's brazen triumph, conscious that, as the historians of the day said of her, “ she was the channel of all favour and honour, appointed and disgraced ministers and generals, was actual arbitress of peace and war, but presided more especially over the department of pleasure.”

Hector, by means of his several new friends, allowed himself to be pressed forward among the crowd, who now sought the smiles of the king and madame, and our hero's peculiar costume and wigless head were too remarkable in such a company for him to be long without attracting the attention of both. “ Whom have you brought me here, Resée ?” said his majesty to the personage with the numerous orders, for by this familiar name he was wont to address his dissolute friend, the then Duke de Richelieu.

“ 'Tis one of your majesty's prisoners, whom you were pleased to notice on the glorious field

of Fontenoy," answered the duke; "your majesty is too high-minded not to respect a brave enemy, and I thought it might be doing your majesty a pleasure to show you, with the spectacle of this evening, one of those bold Scots, who, *sans-culottes* and strange in apparel as they are, could only be overcome in the field of battle by arms such as your majesty's."

"'Tis well," said the king, condescendingly recognizing Hector's obeisance; "if it be discreet to bring a youth of the enemy so near to our private pleasures: but the nation he comes from was the ancient ally of France, and, by my faith, if it produces many such young men as this," he added, turning to his mistress, "there will be other danger in bringing them here than some among us are prepared to meet."

A look was now exchanged between the envied female favourite and the intriguing duke; and Hector, after suffering her broad gaze and that of the other ladies, and hearing their ill-understood whispers for some minutes, was glad to be allowed, without ill-breeding, to retire behind the foremost groups.

Looking up now, he saw one of the large

mirrors draw up with a slide, discovering behind it a splendid double-chair, or throne, to which his majesty and madame soon mounted, after which the whole company took seats as they could round the hall. Presently the great painting, that screened the recess, rolled slowly up, and discovered beyond a long apartment formed into a stage for theatricals, and a scene was exhibited sufficient to dazzle, by its beauty and auxiliary decorations, eyes much better practised than Hector's were. The description of this, and what soon succeeded it, would but little accord with the simplicity of our narrative. The piece now represented by the nobility of the court, was that heroic ballet, or opera, called the "Temple of Glory," afterwards performed in public, produced, at the command of Madame de Pompadour, to celebrate the king's victorious return from the war, to which she herself had clandestinely accompanied him. By the emperor Trajan was designed to be represented this august king of France, not seeking Glory, but she seeking him, while he, no doubt, sought only the good of his people. But the goddess forthwith finds him, in spite of his modesty, on the plains of Flanders, as-

sociates him with herself, and introduces him to her temple, where she crowns him, of course, "with all the honours." Suddenly the gorgeous temple, with its thousand banners, its thundering cannon, and its brazen trumpets, changes by machinery into an edifice as noble, but more modest, namely, the temple of PUBLIC FELICITY. Here, amidst dancing nymphs and happy swains, roses and garlands, vines and fig-trees, Trajan, that is, "Louis the beloved," sat in complacent adulation, and all this to typify, in some faint degree, the extreme felicity in which his people were at this time steeped, and in which they continued (without knowing it) until they cut off his grandson's head.

The music sounded again. The chorus came forward, and praised him once more as a being above all praise, and amidst the clang of cymbals and the acmé of trumpet-*laud*, the whole company rose, after his majesty and Madame de Pompadour, and followed the splendid attendants who summoned them to the banquet. Here a new scene awaited them, to tickle the palates and excite the fancies of the beholders.

This being one of the nights which, by the regulations of pleasure, was dedicated to Bac-

chus, a new troop of masquers appeared in readiness, not only in the shape of the jolly god, but with the grotesque figures and sensual allegoricals of Comus and his crew; and, while Ceres, with her horn, presided over viands of all sorts, Bacchus poured out wines of the rarest flavour, and Comus and company presented them to the guests, with wild gestures of almost leud enticement. The supper and wine that followed—in which Madame de Mailly, the predecessor of Madame de Pompadour, had taught the king to indulge in occasionally to epicurean excess—was carried far into the night. The party, following the royal example, gave way to its inebriating influence, until etiquette seemed banished, and shame itself was scarcely thought of; while jest and music, and prank and allegory, were turned almost into a carnival of wild excitement. At the height of all this, and when ladies' eyes seemed to shine with an unbecoming boldness, and Comus with his fauns, satyrs, and “wood-nymphs wild,” danced before the king to their own music, Hector observed Madame de Pompadour kiss her hand to the company, then make a peculiar sign to the attendants. Instantly the

wall appeared to open behind the seat where his majesty and herself sat, and as our hero watched, he saw the throne, or chair, with both personages on it, carried away, as if by magic. The part of the wall at once closed in, like the "Sesama" in the tale, and then the word ran round the company that his majesty was gone.

Bewildered and amazed, his head confused with wine, Hector almost lost the sense of his own identity, and imagined himself transformed into one of those fantastic figures who wildly masqueraded around him. He felt his treacherous heart also beat with strange emotions towards the fascinating lady to whom he had been early introduced, and who had contrived the whole evening to have him placed by her side. Unwonted thoughts crossed his brain and filled him with alarm. He knew not what to think, nor to what this strange dream of splendid luxury, revelry, and excitement, was designed to lead. Several ladies now crowded round him, besides her who was ever at his side, overwhelming him with voluptuous compliments and eager invitations to their morning toilets or their evening suppers. He strove to speak broken French, but found himself unable.

As he gazed round over the unseemly confusion, the loud and harlot laugh of some fair syren startled his ear, and at once recalled him to his virtuous senses. What would those he loved, even on the barren heaths of Scotland, he reflected, think of this? How would the lovely, and pure, and elevated Helen Ruthven, if ever he should see her again, recognize him coming out of such a scene as was now before him? He was now fast merging into that profound melancholy, that usually falls upon a well-constituted mind when happening to be placed amidst gilded profligacy, when he found himself touched on the shoulder by the same person who had sought him out at his obscure lodging. Gladly he availed himself of so seasonable a moment to escape into a carriage that waited beyond the garden, and, driving rapidly home, he, with self-gratulation, laid his head on his lowly pallet, and soon fell into happy dreams of his own country.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The victory has entirely put an end to the rebellion. The number slain is generally believed much greater than is given out. Old Tullybardine has surrendered himself; the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino and Ogilvie, are prisoners, and coming up to their trials. The Pretender is not openly taken, but many people think he is in their power.

HORACE WALPOLE.

OUR scene now changes to a very different spot, namely, the interior of a sick and sad man's chamber, near the old town of Perth, in the north of Scotland. It was that of Sir George Lamont, now a solitary and broken-spirited invalid, whose dull hours of scarcely-sought convalescence were continually embittered by repentant meditations on the past.

"A gentleman below wants to see you, Sir George," said his grave old servant, entering

the room, "he is just off a journey. In short, it is Mr. Hoskins."

"Make no ceremony with him," said the general, rousing himself in his easy chair, "I will see him here."

The heavy foot of the squire was at once on the stair, and he soon was in the room, making inquiries after the general's health, with his usual unpretending English good feeling.

"Your face carries the tidings I expected," said the general, anxiously scanning the other's ruddy countenance; "you have ascertained nothing contrary to the melancholy fact of my son being thrown into his grave among the forgotten dead, on the bloody plain of Fontenoy?"

"I confess," said the squire, in a tone of unusual feeling, "that I have not learned anything to the contrary that I care to offer to your conjectures. My hopes may have been fallacious, but, as no arrangement regarding prisoners has yet taken place, and no authentic list can be had of them, and as the government is too much occupied with the business of this rebellion to give any attention to inquiries concerning obscure men abroad, I have received no information to decide me definitively one way or the other."

“ So, then, that half-hope is also dissipated ? ”

“ Come, come, general—do not look so blank. I am no clerk, nor bookish priest, else I would preach you religion and resignation.”

A long silence followed, in which the general only shook his head sadly, and looked upwards.

“ Don’t stump so heavily about the floor, Matthew,” he said, at length, “ my nerves are weak, and your tread disturbs me.”

“ No wonder I stamp and stump,” said the squire, with a true English growl; “ if you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, your relaxed nerves would become strung again from very indignation.”

“ Let me hear all you know, Matthew,” said the general, mildly; “ grief like mine is apt to be selfish, yet I have not lost all sympathy in the many sorrows of this time of public suffering.”

“ Public *rejoicing*, general, and *private* suffering,” said the squire, stopping in his walk, “ for the two usually go together. The elation of the English over the suppression of this rebellion seems to know no bounds. No wonder that in London I could get no one to speak to me about the death or captivity of an obscure subaltern, when the whole kingdom, from one

end to the other—until you come to the scene of suffering itself—is in one blaze of illumination; and the victory at Culloden, over a few squadrons of undisciplined Highlanders, is, by the flattery of national self-love, magnified into more than a match for the grand disgrace of Fontenoy itself. There are things in this world that make one sick, and contrasts now existing in human feeling that make one almost ashamed of one's species. While all England, and part of Scotland, are drunk with the intoxication of joy, and literally drinking deep and feasting to show it; the jails are filling from one end of the kingdom to the other with the unfortunate adherents of an exiled king. Crowds of individuals, high and low, are hurried into captivity and ruin. Judges are about reading the doom of hundreds, and executioners all over the kingdom are preparing to execute it on the scaffold. Old Balmerino and Kilmarnock have given themselves up, and are on their way to the Tower of London. Tullibardine has been taken among the rest, and will doubtless also suffer. The brave Lochiel, as also Lord Strathellan, fortunately for themselves, were killed at Culloden. Even old Lovat has

been taken in Argyleshire, and, unable to walk from infirmities, they have carried him in a cage to the general doom-house. Poor traitor! the block will help him to his end a few years sooner than a fair straw death, and many better men will very soon make weeping widows and houseless wanderers anew in Scotland."

"But the chevalier," said the general, eagerly, "*his* head I hope is yet safe?"

"Yes—safe and sound, if report be true," said the squire, bitterly, "packed in a basket, and on the way to London in the duke's own carriage. The triumph of one man would not be complete in this world, unless it were made so by the contrast of the death or ruin of another."

"I could almost wish you had not told me all this," said the general, groaning inwardly.

"But there is more to be told, to point the moral of the time," continued the squire. "The worthy provost of Perth, whom I found, in passing, exerting himself for the protection of the Highland chieftain Glenmore, whom Sir Thomas Ruthven, or some of his adherents, had the folly, a second time, to accuse of rebellion, or favouring the rebels, informed me that flocks of

affrighted Highlanders are pouring into Perth from the northern shires and the inner parts of Breadalbane, with further accounts of devastations committed by order of the Duke of Cumberland, the particulars of which make the blood run cold with horror. Burning and rapine has been, and still is, the order with the triumphant red-coats, who spare neither cottage nor castle, age nor sex. The poor Highlanders, ignorant of the law which makes them rebels, and of the nature of rebellion, as well as its penalty, have been hunted at the bayonet's point out of whole districts, or shot like wild beasts on their own mountains. Cattle and provisions are carried off, whole parishes, and women and children, after having been subjected to every brutality, sent forth to perish on the wild heaths; while their husbands and brothers have been often murdered before their eyes."

"For God's sake, Matthew! tell me no more," exclaimed the general, "I have not strength even to hear such relations as these."

"And mark you, general, the way of the world," continued the 'squire vehemently,—  
"mark you the eternal tyranny of strength over weakness, of success over misfortune, be it

right or be it wrong. This vindictive foreigner, this Billy the Butcher, as he is now called in the north—who, in the day of triumph, has not the magnanimity to show humanity to the fallen; but, following the mistaken policy of the English court, which still cries ‘Severity! severity!’ thinks to root out rebellion by turning your country into a wilderness—is greeted in England, every where as he passes, as a great conqueror and the deliverer of his country. From the middle of April to this day has been one continued jubilee in his honour. Praises the most fulsome are every where lavished upon him, and the very alehouses by the road side, and throughout the drunken corners of London, must take down the king’s head, which hitherto stood for their tippling invitation, and set up for their standard *the great Duke of Cumberland!*—Ha! ha! Peace and security are good things, but by Jove it spites me, Englishman as I am, to hear of addresses of congratulation pouring in on this new family, like the waves of the sea, and the tumultuous joy in one end of the nation is seemingly enhanced by the groans and misery which they hear of in the other.”

“Is inconsiderate cruelty in this evil world never to give way to reason and humanity !” said the general, looking earnestly towards heaven ; “I trust the time will yet come, when poor erring human nature will see the folly of such proceedings.”

“The worthy provost further informs me,” continued the squire, “that in the neighbouring Highlands one clan is set against another ; and even some newly-formed companies of the Black Watch, if not those who have lately returned from Flanders, were ordered to hunt out from among the glens they knew so well their own friends and kindred, who are in hiding there for their conduct in this unhappy rebellion. Now is the time, general, for such factious zealots as Sir Thomas Ruthven, who may freely bathe their hands in rebellious blood, and get rewarded by the government for their pains. Apropos, Sir George—heard you aught of the baronet since I left Perth ? You used to be a favourite of his, and particularly of his pretty and sentimental daughter.”

“You have a blunt way of talking, Matthew,” answered the general vexedly—“natural, I suppose, to a healthy body and strong nerves ; but

which is apt to cut at times with a scarifying effect into feelings like mine—made doubly sensitive by misfortune. How the gentleman you speak of is, I can scarcely tell, but the young lady of whom you talk so lightly has twined herself round my heart as if she were my own; and it was one of my dreams of hope, even indulged while you were absent, that my son might yet be restored to me in life, and that Sir Thomas Ruthven's daughter, who plainly loved him, might yet be accessory to a happiness that was almost too much for me to think of. But she is about to be married to the son of a lord, whom the poor maiden evidently hates, but who has returned from the war with promotion and honour; while my poor son, whom I never saw, lies cold on the bloody plains of Flanders."

"I wish I could talk religion to you, general," said the blunt squire; "for indeed you need it. I have always seen people take to that, when they had nothing else to comfort them."

"Sir George," said the servant, again entering, "there are two ladies below who wish to see you. One of them is the daughter of Sir Thomas Ruthven, and she seems to be in much distress."

The general half rose from his seat, from strong concern at the tidings, and, begging the squire to retire for the present, requested that Miss Ruthven should be shown immediately into the chamber.

Wrapped closely in a mantle, her head without either cap or calash, but covered simply with a stripe of plaid like a Highland maiden, Helen Ruthven now stood before the nervous baronet. Her fair soft countenance was pale and troubled, her long drooping eyelashes were wet with tears, and her face in general wore that look of anxious excitement, that betokened the hurry of spirits caused by some recent calamity.

“Speak, young lady, speak freely,” said the general; “you cannot fear to tell your trouble to a melancholy and broken-spirited invalid, who has known little else in his whole life but sorrow and disappointment.”

“It is deep reverence for your virtues, sir, and sympathy in your sufferings,” said the maiden, “that ties up my tongue at this moment, even more than my own calamity. My father’s unhappy zeal has at last had the effect which no warning would guard him against. The rebels have waylaid him, just as I feared—

have carried him off to the mountains—probably ere this time have taken his life; and I am obliged to fly Waridow House, for fear of it being set on fire while we slept; and, indeed, I am unable to rest in it, from anxiety for the fate of my poor father. O sir,” she added, kneeling at the general’s feet, “you are my best friend—my second parent—whose interference for me against that detested Crombie has bound me in gratitude to you, while life warms my heart. Will you counsel a poor maiden in this extremity, and aid her in trying to save the life of a dear though mistaken parent?”

“Rise, my sweet maiden, said the strongly-affected general; “I thought myself childless, and I *am* childless; but you, since I have known you, have kindled new emotions in my deadening heart—emotions which almost reconcile me to life, while I am permitted to watch over your happiness. In my house, if you will accept it, you and your attendant shall find an asylum, while I send Mr. Hoskins to see what can be done to save your father. The provost of Perth is a prudent man, who has kept well with both parties; and has both power

and management for a case of this kind. Calm your fears, madam, and leave the stirring of this matter to me."

The tide of terror and anxiety in the maiden's mind was, by these few words of comforting sympathy, turned at once into confiding hope; and, imprinting in silence a grateful kiss upon the thin hand that the baronet now held out to her, Helen retired, to leave him to his measures.

## CHAPTER XVII.

And such a storm amongst them fell,  
 As I think you never heard the like ;  
 For he that bears his head so high,  
 He oft-times falls into the dyke.

SCOTCH BALLAD,

“ ARE these the blue hills of our country at last, that rise so softly on the edge of the horizon ?” was the cry on the deck of a small brig at sea, as it neared the Bass Rock and the Berwick-law, on the protruding coast of Midlothian. “ Delightful sight ! blessed hills !—bleak and rugged though ye be !” cried a group of anxious exiles, returning with joy from the land of the monsieurs ; “ there is more happiness under your noble shadows, and among the green glens, where the Scottish

maiden sings, than is to be found in all this world besides. O for our happy Highland homes once more!" and, as the warm-hearted voyagers exclaimed thus, they stretched forth their arms towards their "ain countrie," like children returning to a beloved parent, embracing the very air that blew warm and fragrant from her heathy bosom.

They had not well set foot, however, on "the bonnie pier of Leith," and each man made haste to his own quarter, when Hector Monro, who was one of the youngest of the party, felt his heart sink sadly at the news that reached him from the Highland border, towards which he now eagerly journeyed. At Edinburgh castle, where he had been delivered up as an exchanged prisoner, he had received unexpected orders to join, along with an escort of fusileers, one of the companies of his regiment now in Perthshire, which, along with the two others newly raised, were, for the known skill of the men in the fastnesses of the hills, ordered upon that invidious duty alluded to by the honest squire, as in the last chapter.

It was in a green glen in Strathcairn, and on a declining afternoon in the bright month of

June, following the Culloden, which, as the reader knows, was fought in April, that Hector again got a sight of the much-loved uniform of the Black Watch; two companies of the regiment being then actually on the march towards Taymouth valley. His junction with the party, however, was disappointing to his feelings, and not unaccompanied with the pervading suspicion. In vain he looked among the officers for his old friend, Ensign Campbell, to afford him a completion of that mysterious revelation concerning his birth, for which he had so long sighed in eager anxiety. These were not his comrades of Fontenoy, but new men, far inferior in character and station even to those who had been banished for ever from Scotland, but more suitable, perhaps, for the immediate purposes of government.

“Mr. Monro,” said the commander, when he had delivered his credentials, “you are well acquainted, as I am informed, with the fastnesses of upper Breadalbane. There is work for us there, I believe, more than we desire, as well as among the jacobite lairds in Glenlyon. To the latter place Captain Menzies, with his company, is more particularly destined, while

to you I entrust the conducting of a party of twenty men, for a special service in the former. You will take the mountain-pass to the south of the valley, making all speed when you get beyond the Tay; and, at its upper gorge, where the pass winds round the rock of Glengleigh, you will meet with another party of English soldiers, whose orders, in conjunction with your own, must be your further guide. Gentlemen," he added, addressing the whole, "the duty we have now to perform is a painful one, but the loyal soldier knows only his orders, which I trust you will obey with activity, mixed with discretion.

The gleaming sun of the following morning had scarcely dispelled the sailing mist that rested on the still bosom of Loch Treuchie, when Hector and his party were already on their march, and it had not reached its zenith in the heavens, ere he was looking once more on the well-remembered towers of Balloch castle. The sight of these hoary battlements, and of the romantic sweep of Taymouth valley, in connexion with his despairing recollections of Helen Ruthven, nearly unmanned him, as he sadly meditated on long-cherished hopes; and in the

bitterness of his heart he almost prayed that he might never see her again, if he was to look upon her only as the wife of another ; or, in short, that he might never return in life from the present mysterious expedition.

These melancholy thoughts were deepened, rather than alleviated, as, diving with his men into the wilds of Breadalbane, he was witness of the ruin and desolation every where spread through these peaceful glens. The dispirited Highlanders, who marched by his side, looked down with sulky indignation upon snug hamlets, now totally deserted, or smoking cottages in the narrow glens, which the red-coats, with whom they were now to co-operate, had burnt in their wantonness ; while straggling parties of houseless mountaineers, hiding among the cliffs above their heads, showered curses upon them, for joining the persecuting stranger for their oppression.

At length they came to a pass among the mountains, near which they found about sixty soldiers already waiting their approach. The solitary piper of Hector's party answered the beat of the English drum, by a saluting strain. His few men soon ranked up in front of the

red-coats. Their commander came forward and lifted his hat. Both gentlemen stood aghast when they looked in each other's faces, both unable to speak from sudden astonishment. In the strange officer Hector at once recognized his ominous enemy, Crombie of Libberton, who was no less astonished to see before him, one whom he had left for dead on the plain of Fontenoy.

A silent salutation of soldierly formality passed between them; but a cold grin of scornful satisfaction curled the lip of Hector's enemy, as, briefly alluding to the superiority of his rank, he haughtily intimated to our hero, that it followed that he should put himself and his small party immediately under his orders. He then called the other officers, with Hector, around him, and informed them that their first duty would be to take forcible possession, if necessary, of an old tower within a few miles of where they were, which was well known as the haunt of the rebels of these parts, and was situated in a sort of glen, where it would take all the address of their Highland comrades to get at it without alarming the insurgents, who, he was informed, were therein concealed, and whom

it was their object to capture, dead or alive. "Who may turn out to be in the old tower is not precisely known," continued Major Crombie, "but it is deemed a place of importance, and must be destroyed."

"Is it known by any name, sir?" said Hector, with involuntary anxiety.

"In the language of these parts it is called Corrie-vrin," said Crombie. "You start, sir. There is a cause for that, no doubt; but it will be your duty to lead us to it without danger or delay; and it will be mine to see that you and your Highlanders are active *and faithful* in the performance of this service. Gentlemen! prepare to march. We must be there by night-fall."

"This is the last of my misfortunes, and the crowning of my many disappointments," said Hector bitterly, as, after a silent march of several miles through some frightful wilds, the dark tower of Corrie-vrin became visible in the deepening twilight. "To be forced to harry and render homeless the heart-broken mother of my former unfortunate friends, under the orders of him who I can see, by his triumphant look, is the veritable husband of my

sweet, my unhappy Helen Ruthven—is the true acme of my unlucky fate. But it has been on my oppressed spirits all day. I now remember it in my dreams. I see my destiny in this hazy twilight, by the sure second-sight of the mountains. God ! what form is that on the edge of the brae ? Its gait is wild—its arm is stretched out between me and the sky, as if in the act of terrible imprecation. By heavens ! it is the mother, the haggard and delirious mother of Malcolm M'Pherson ! I dare not look ! I am unable to see. I will myself be a rebel, and save the last sorrows of this unhappy woman, if I should be shot for a traitor at her own door."

"Halt !" said the commander, "and form in Indian file. Let one party move up one side of the glen, and the Highlanders on the other. But *my* party shall first surround the tower, and, Ensign Monro, you will follow in the rear."

Every thing, as they marched up the quiet romantic glen, remained as still as death. No scout appeared among the bushes. The tower itself seemed to have been deserted ; only when

the party came up they found the strongly rivetted door beneath, as well as the small windows of the dwelling, closely shut.

“ Force the door of the tower,” cried Crombie ; “ we will soon unkennel these rebel dogs.”

A soldier, stepping forward, let drive at the timber with the butt-end of his gun, but the oak and bolts were too strong for him, and he was only answered by an empty sound echoing up the building.

“ One more,” cried Crombie ; and another soldier joining, they gave it a simultaneous stroke, which was equally ineffective. Scarcely had the men drawn back their muskets, and given it a second batter, when a rattle was heard on the top of the tower ; a great stone rolled down its side, broke the back of one of the soldiers, and, smashing him in two, laid him dead at their feet.

“ Fire !” cried the enraged Crombie, and in another instant the glen rung with the echo of near a hundred muskets, whose idle balls rattled back from the walls of the tower.

“ Blaw awa, lads ! blaw awa your poother

and your lead!" cried a rough voice speaking through a loop-hole. It'll maybe frighten the craws and the pyets, but it'll no frighten us!"

"Strike a light with your flint, soldier, and fire the house," said Crombie, "we will see if we cannot smoke these audacious rebels out of their den."

"Te red-coat will no smoke her out without singeing the tail o' better folk—and ane o' her ain clan too, that she'll haud by the lug in this auld tower," said another voice from the top, at the same time thrusting forward into twilight view, the figure of a man evidently not wearing the Highland garb; "but if te red-coat will spare te bigging, and let her and her men walk out like a shentlemans, she'll gie up her prisoner safe and sound, and neer fight for prince Charlie more."

"This is only a trick of Highland cunning," said Crombie to his officers. "What prisoner can these rebels have, whose life would justify us in letting them escape? Set fire to the house!"

A scream now arose at the top of the tower, and some words were spoken which Hector could not distinctly hear.

“ Will te red-coat gie her the terms o’ the capitulation for the sake o’ the duhuinewassel her prisoner,” said the voice.

“ No !”

“ Then, by Got, she’ll no wait for the law to burn the man’s tail, but she’ll just gar her the luvver’s loup frae the tap o’ this auld tower, so the Lord hae mercy on her sinfu’ soul !”

The screams of the man were dreadful, as lifted up by the athletic Highlanders, he could barely be seen in the summer darkness hanging in mid-air, suspended by the arms of those who only waited a moment to let him go.

“ For God’s sake ! for God’s sake !” was all that the wretched person was able to say, while the Highlanders held him half hanging above the bayonets of the crowded soldiers.

“ Have mercy, sir,” said Hector addressing Crombie ; “ this seems a person of condition, and it will do no good to take the lives of these poor Highlanders.”

“ Do you remonstrate with me, sir !” said Crombie enraged. “ I know my duty. Not a man shall escape out of this nest of rebellion.”

Hector delayed no more, but, upon the voice,

which he thought he knew, uttering another appeal for mercy, he called out in Gaelic, and promised the Highlanders terms if they would save their prisoner, and come forth manfully with him from the gate of the tower.

“ Fire the thatch, I say ! burst in the windows ! ” cried Crombie, and in a minute fire and smoke arose from various parts of the building.

“ Holy heavens ! ” cried the voice of a female now appearing at one of the upper windows ; “ grant me resignation for this last hour of my misery, and pour the vengeance upon the unjust persecutors of me and mine.” Her eyeballs were turned upwards and her hands clasped, and by the light that now rose on every side, Hector could distinguish the woe-worn features of widow M‘Pherson.

“ Lads,” he said to his men, “ are you willing to assist me in saving the remnant of the unfortunate ? ” and amidst the confusion of the rising fire, he contrived to draw his Highlanders close to the door of the tower.

He heard the bolts withdrawn inside, and voices talking at the loop-holes near. “ For life and honour,—if you are a gentleman,” said the former voice, speaking in Gaelic.

“ On the word of a Monro,” said Hector, in the same language, “ if I can save you.”

“ Treason and rebellion in the midst of duty,” shouted Crombie, hearing them speak Gaelic ; “ soldiers, forward to the door of this tower.”

In an instant it was opened, and a rush of Highlanders threw themselves like lions before the bayonets of the red-coats, while the prisoner that he had seen at the top of the tower almost fell into Hector’s arms.

“ You shall rue this, sir,” said Crombie, with a bitter look at Hector, as our hero effectually interfered to prevent bloodshed.

“ For God’s sake just let her hae one fleg at the *seider dearag* for shooting to death my braw son !” cried a well-known voice, and rushing past Hector, he dashed with his broadsword at the confident commander. A few flourishes of Hector’s broadsword, in front of those who had issued from the tower, were sufficient to help to a momentary peace ; for the whole involuntarily stood still to observe the issue of this unexpected encounter. But it scarce could be called a combat. Long treasured vengeance seemed to nerve the arm of

the old man. Crombie began to stagger, and in another pass the Cearnach thrust his sword up to the very hilt in his body. He drew it out slowly, clenching his teeth, and as Crombie staggered and fell heavily to the earth, turning round to the glare of the fire, he held up his reeking sword, and in the strong tones of guttural Gaelic, thanked heaven for that moment's vengeance.

Hector, with the rest, stood for a moment paralyzed; the gleam of the fire, as it rose to heaven, throwing the wild glare of destruction upon the pale countenances of the soldiers.

“Do we stand here like fools, men!” cried another officer of the English, “without avenging our brave major?”

A score of guns were levelled on the instant at the Cearnach, and as many balls whistled harmlessly over him, for with true Highland instinct, he threw himself on the sod, and lay contentedly waiting for death, when it should come within the length of his own arm.

“Will no one take an unhappy woman's life?” murmured a low female voice to the left of the tower; and Hector, turning his head, saw the tall figure of widow M'Pherson watch-

ing with pallid sorrow the flames bursting forth through the roof and windows of her once happy dwelling. "My husband is gone, and my sons were murdered! My daughter died of a broken-heart—but I cannot die! The bonnie Highland castles are a' burnt and awa'. Noble Glengary is a black and reeking ruin; Kippoch and Cumy are also burnt to the ground; and Lovat Castle smokes in its ain ashes. Auld Corrie-vrin, that now blazes to the sky before my een, will soon do the same, and what have I to do but to die? O gentles, will ye no hae mercy, and take a poor distracted woman's life?"

The rugged soldiers stood paralyzed with pity. "Surround the prisoners. What do you stare at?" cried the English officer. "As for this old rebel!" he added, rushing forward to the Cearnach, "my sword shall not miss his traitorous blood. Who are you, sir, that interfere thus in the king's work?" he cried, as Hector placed himself in his way.

"A Highlander—a bonnie Highlander, like my sons!" screamed the demented widow, coming between them. "If it werena that my een's blind wi' grief, I would say it

was my Malcolm's young friend, Hector Monro."

Determined to save the shedding of more blood, Hector struggled with the strange officer, whom, as they crossed swords, he discovered to be the same who had attempted to take him several years ago, when on guard over the old jail of Perth. Both became furious, when, as Hector dashed him back, the English soldiers began to close behind, and an unequal contention was likely to be the consequence. In an instant the form of the widow seemed to tower into elevation, as, like the image of vengeance, she now brandished a naked dirk in her hand; and as the officer rushed again upon Hector, with a wild laugh, which was like a scream of joy, she plunged the weapon in his side.

"The red-coat's blood! The cruel blood of the Lowland Whig!" she cried, holding up the streaming weapon. "'Tis something to die with the gore of the Hanoverian on my husband's dirk,"—and, spinning round until she faced the flames of her burning house, she staggered an instant, and then fell dead at Hector's feet.

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed the prisoner

of the tower, now speaking. "For God's sake, sir, as you have saved my life, protect me away from this scene of sorrow and bloodshed."

Hector now for the first time fixed his eyes upon the captive, as the Cearnach also with joy and astonishment recognized him. Was it possible that this Lowland dressed prisoner was no other than the father of his Helen—the English Sir Thomas Ruthven!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Now blessing on thee, rise ! thou art my child !

SHAKSPEARE.

It was yet early on the third day after the burning of Corrie-vrin, and the other melancholy occurrences mentioned in the last chapter, when our hero's small party, a horse having been procured for Sir Thomas Ruthven, and the old Cearnach being a prisoner on foot, wound up the long avenue that led to Waridow house, on the banks of the Tay. During the whole of the journey, and in the several painful matters in which it had been Hector's fate to be engaged, in consequence of the death of so many

officers, out of so small a party, (for that of the unhappy widow was of course nothing,) the manner of Sir Thomas seemed to himself so peculiar, and his readiness to explain for him to his commanding officers so unexpected, that, unable to account for it from the common act of humanity he had performed for him at the tower, he was exceedingly at a loss, in short, what to think.

He did not even know that the baronet had been residing in this part of the country ; and it was only after their entry into the gate of this demesne that he began to suspect that he was escorting him home to his own house.

“ This march has been hasty, and your men must be fatigued, Mr. Monro,” said the baronet, breaking through his former reserve, as he came in sight of his home ; “ but a father’s anxiety to relieve the fears of his child,”—and something striking him at the moment, from the import of his own words, he turned round, and looked Hector full in the face.

Neither uttered a word for a few moments,

until Hector, overcoming the thoughts that the idea of father and child had brought into his mind, ventured to say,—“Sir Thomas, before I leave you, permit me to express my sincere regret that one so nearly connected with your family as I suspect Major Crombie to have been should have met his death in my presence, while I was unable at the moment to prevent it.”

“Sir, you are mistaken,” said the baronet bluntly; “whatever might have once been intended, the honourable major was in no way connected with my family.”

How heavy a weight on the heart may be removed by a single word! For a few minutes, Hector was neither able nor willing to speak. It was the beginning of a train of unwonted thought; and thus he drew up his few men in front of Waridow.

“Where is my daughter?” cried Sir Thomas, as hardly any one appeared at his door. Where is my Helen, that she comes not to embrace me?”

“There were sorners round the mansion, Sir Thomas,” said the grave old servant, “and Highland heads peeping out o’ the planting; and my lady took fright when she heard o’ your

mishaps, and she's aff' to General Lamont's, to raise the country side to seek you."

"God bless her! even for her very foolishness," said the partial parent. "Come, Mr. Monro, you must accompany me, while your men are refreshed and rested here. Nay, no apologies about such paltry considerations, as the dusty apparel of a soldier off his march. If I mistake not, there are those in General Lamont's house, to whom your presence will be exceedingly acceptable."

The tumult of unusual emotion raised in Hector's mind by the nature of this address, and other thoughts, had scarcely subsided, during a brisk walk of twenty minutes—in which, by Sir Thomas's desire, in consequence of the Cearnach's prayers, the old man, with part of his escort, was permitted to accompany them,—when they found themselves at General Lamont's door. Scarcely had the baronet descended from his horse, and hastily set foot on the step of the entrance, when Helen Ruthven was in his arms.

It was a father's embrace of an only child;—it was a daughter's congratulations at the safety of a parent;—it was filial love, which absorbs all other feelings;—it was filial joy, which is

purity unspeakable. It was too sacred for the gaze of a stranger—the words were too affecting for his eager ear. So he turned away his head, and his eyes gushed with tears, for he remembered that these were feelings he never knew.

He had sobbed himself into something like collectedness, a considerable period after this, when the door at which the two had disappeared opened again, and Sir Thomas himself came out to meet him. “Mr. Monro,” said he, “I must introduce you in form to my daughter. My life and safety are, I think, more to my beloved child than I feel them to be myself. You have therefore, as it would seem, done a greater obligation to her than even to me. If thanks are any thing in a case like this, it is but justice you should receive them from the lips of one, whose gratitude, when I told the tale of the jeopardy from which you delivered me, seemed to know no bounds. Here, Helen,” he said, leading Hector in by the arm, “this is the prudent officer to whom I owe my safety,—Mr. Hector Monro, of the Black Watch.”

Helen’s blooming countenance was suffused with emotion, so that she was scarcely able to look up. She murmured a few words of warm

acknowledgment; but surprise and pleasure seemed to overpower both, and they sat down opposite to each other, as if perfectly exhausted.

There are some things that a parent should not see. As warm in private affections, as in political partialities, Sir Thomas read the whole matter, from the manner in which his daughter had received his tidings and the account of the death of Crombie of Libberton. He wiped his eyes with delight at the evident feelings of the young people, then rose to leave the room.

“Father!” said she, in a whisper, rising and following him anxiously to the door,—“kind, good, considerate father! I am quite convinced of what we said, when I look in his face again. For God’s sake, do not say aught to the general! If it is broken to him too quickly, his joy will be such, that it may be the breaking of his heart. Let me do it, father, after I have said a few words to his new-found son.” Her father left the room, and she resumed her seat.

They spoke little at first—for deep emotion, responsive admiration, and unstifled joy at a meeting so unexpected and so full of gratulation, with all its recollections reviving on the memory, and all its hopes brightening on the

imagination, clothe not their precious feelings in studied words. By degrees, however, their language became more soft and full. Hector drew his chair closer to hers. They spoke in whispers, animated whispers; and Hector dared to say, that if he only had a parent, a name, and lineage, he would venture to declare to her the full burden of his soul.

She answered him strangely, without corresponding seriousness, and even with a sly and a half averted smile. "Stay," said she, playfully. "Now, as we are permitted to be acquaintances, do not stir from this room until I see you again, and I will try if there is not one in this very house who is willing to own you for a relative." She did not give him time to reply, but rose and tripped lightly out of the apartment.

When she entered the room where the general was seated, her buoyant spirits received a check from contemplating the serious and resigned look with which he perused the large book that lay open before him. And yet the clearness of health was on his smooth brow, pale as it was; for the breezes of the hills had greatly restored him; and as her eye wandered a moment over his countenance, she thought he had that inte-

resting look which is often seen on a handsome old man ; and she loved those wan features, and those mild, benevolent eyes, to which the silver grey hairs, by which they were surrounded, added almost religious veneration, because the longer she contemplated them, the more she traced in them the image of the youth below, who had long held the secret sway of her heart.

“ Come forward, Miss Ruthven,” he said,—  
“ come forward, and speak to me. Why did you not inform me of Sir Thomas’s approach ? It would have done me good, although I should have envied it, to have seen a restored father embrace his child.”

“ I am sure I wish I had, sir,” she said, “ if it would have been any pleasure to you ; but I have hopes, notwithstanding all I have heard, to see you made happy over some gratifying tidings concerning your own son.”

“ No, no, Miss Helen ! no, no ! The grave, the dark grave, is between me and my brave son, whom I never saw.”

“ But there is news, sir, just arrived, of some Scots prisoners, who were taken at Fontenoy. Perhaps, sir—only perhaps—Will you allow my father to inquire into it ?”

“No, Helen, he had better not. I would have the tranquillity of resignation left me, and stirred hopes only disturb me. I have lived, and I shall die, a childless man.”

“But hope, blessed hope, is not always a cheat—and pale despair sometimes deceives herself. General, prisoners have arrived from France, and they have brought news.”

“No, Helen! no, no!” he cried, grasping her hand, “they have brought no news—no news of my son—do not disturb me again with hope! Let the subject rest, Helen, let it rest—upon this subject another disappointment would kill me.”

“My dear, dear sir, be calm,” said Helen, entreatingly; “be assured, I do not lightly call back banished hopes. I have learned, and I believe it, that the youth who has been named Hector Monro, is yet alive—is well, and—”

“Miss Ruthven, for mercy’s sake tell me all!” and the general seemed almost frightened at his own hopes. “But, no, no. If that had been the case, he ought to have returned. I ought ere this to have heard of him. O dear young lady,” he added, laying his hand on his heart, “what would I give to be assured that you were not torturing me in vain!”

“Then be assured, sir,” said Helen, “for I can assure you, that you may soon expect to see Hector himself. But then you are to be calm, lest any thing should appear, whereby you may have fixed your mind on the wrong person. In the mean time, my information is good, for there is now in this house, an officer of the Black Watch, who was also taken prisoner at Fontenoy, and if you will permit me to bring him into your presence, he will give you satisfactory information concerning Hector Monro.”

With the playful smile of a minister of joy, and her earnest injunction to calmness repeated, Helen rose and tripped again down stairs to Hector.

By the time he again met her, his feelings of stirred hope had wrought themselves up to an agitation, almost as overpowering as that of the general above.

“Mr. Monro,” said she, “have you ever by any chance heard of general Sir George Lamont?”

Surprised at the inquiry, Hector replied “that he had just heard the name from a brother officer, the night before the battle of Fontenoy. But, by one of those strange fatalities

which had hitherto pursued him, his friend was never allowed to finish his story. But what," he added, "can that name have to do with any relative of mine?"

"It may have much," she said, "when all is explained; but recollect now every circumstance of your earliest years, and if you follow me I will bring you at once into a presence where something may be cleared up."

When the general, with whom were now Sir Thomas Ruthven and Mr. Hoskins, saw a tall fine-looking Highland officer stride forward into the apartment, he almost started from his seat, on his eyes settling on Hector's person.

"This, sir," said Helen, "is he who has been called Mr. Hector Monro."

"Surely, I do not deceive myself!" exclaimed Hector, looking steadily in the face of the general, and reading a meaning in the countenances of the bystanders. "O sir!" he said, approaching the former, and taking a small gold clasp out from his breast, "do you know aught of these simple initials? They were on my first garment when I was an infant. I have carried them with me over land and sea. They have been the treasure of my hopes wherever

I went, for I thought they might one day help me to the discovery of a friend—perhaps even of a parent.”

“ They are my wife’s ! ”—said the general faintly, “ they are my—they are your *mother’s*, young man—your dear injured mother’s—God enable me to support this joy!—My son ! my son ! ”

Hector hardly had strength left to stoop to his knees, as the old man fell on his neck and wept.

“ I knew we should have a womanly piece of business some day,” said the bluff squire, first breaking the silence, and ashamed of the tears that this scene drew from him. “ I knew there would be a finding of his son, and weeping, and a scene—for all the general’s despondency—but I am glad it is over. Such affairs do not do for me.”

For several minutes Hector remained absolutely unable to speak, weeping plentifully in silence over his father’s hand.

“ God is good ! ” said the general faintly, as he tried to sit up, “ much better to us than we deserve. And his mother’s features too ! ” he added, gazing in Hector’s face—“ her own sweet lovely features, just as she looked when

she married my unworthy self. Now I am willing to die, since forgiving Heaven has heard my prayers at last."

"There shall be no dying here, gentlemen," said Sir Thomas Ruthven, "just as we are beginning to live, and when the general has got a son, and this brave young man, who saved me from an ugly death in the Highlands, has got a father and a good estate to boot, which will make him company for my daughter. See how they weep for joy, the dear loving fools—just as I was when I was married. I could almost weep myself for the happiness of such a day as this."

And so could many else, when they witness the pure happiness of worthy human beings in such scenes as followed this first tumult of warm emotion, especially when the worthy provost of Perth, soon after sent for, and the chieftain Glenmore, now also in the town, joined their congratulations to those now present.

Yet there is a habit of the mind engendered by a long series of despondency and disappointment, which only the healing hand of time can effectually change, even after the cause of it

is entirely removed. For several days, at least, neither Hector nor his father could fully believe in their own joy, and it required the sweet smiles and blooming beauty of Helen Ruthven to assist in realizing their new-born happiness. When the pleasing tranquillity of gratified desires, however, began to creep over the minds of all, and the sober effects of congenial pleasures began to lighten from their seriousness, as the heart became light, the preparations for the marriage of the pair proceeded apace. On the day of their wedding, a free pardon arrived from London, which the interest of Sir Thomas had procured for the old Cearnach, who spent the rest of his days on Waridow estate, and many tranquil years did the two baronets live to watch over the happiness of their beloved children and grandchildren, ere the happy Hector could call his beloved Helen by the title of Lady Ruthven Lamont.

THE END.

LONDON:

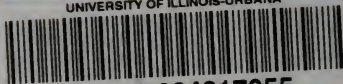
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